THE COMMONWEAL

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CERTAIN DELICATE SUSCEPTIBILITIES

INTOLERANCE of opinion takes many forms. Indeed, it is doubtful if a man in whom intolerance is an ingrained trait could ever be fully satisfied, unless he were shut up in a little compartment, where he could change his mind as often as he wished and never find anyone to dispute his imperial will. Just now, in California, rankling discontent over accepting equality of the rights of others to have opinions is producing a type of agitation which has become rather familiar at times in different parts of the United States. It has been detected that the preponderance of votes in the northern counties in the recent election was different from the preponderance in the southern counties. Presto! A "movement" is started to make twins of California, which has been a unit since the old days of the Franciscan missions, erecting it into a duality of states with a medial line dividing north from south.

There is, of course, no inherent reason for keeping California or any other state indefinitely within the present geographical delineations if sound considerations, deliberately weighed, call for a change in accordance with constitutional forms. But a better argument than a disturbing alignment on local questions in an election, in which neither section voted solidly, or almost solidly, will be needed before such radical surgery with the state system is likely to be attempted. Even though it is true that the northern half of California registered its will against state enforcement of the Volstead Act while the southern half declared for it, and though there was the same cleavage on six other local questions, discerning residents of the commonwealth will easily find many more things on which they are united than things on which they flock apart.

A point rarely considered with thoroughness by those who are impatient to reduce the size of political units, is whether any greater degree of homogeneity of opinion would be attained ultimately by the suggested recasting. In fact, citizens of democratic countries, in which decisions are made by majorities, may well ask if a homogeneous political entity can be found anywhere, or whether it seems destined to remain merely a visionary project.

A large experiment in isolating and defining such entities in Europe and Asia was made by the framers of the Treaty of Versailles, and their success has not been overwhelming. Czecho-Slovakians, Transylvanians, and Syrians have found new provocations to fly at each others' throats, prospectively or at present, in place of the old ones. Although these regions nat-

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urally contain more active seeds of disunity than American states, experience has shown that in this country the same disappointment is likely to be encountered. Size, density of population or temporary rift of opinion is not a sufficient cause in itself for splitting up a state.

If relatively large area were accepted as implying a probable need of division, Californians who feel perturbed to the breaking-point because some of their fellow-citizens did not agree with them would have a strong case. It is not realized by many Americans, particularly Easterners, that if the sprawling bulk of California were spread out on the Atlantic coast it would reach from Charleston, South Carolina, to Boston, with an average width of 200 miles inland. Its area of approximately 160,000 square miles is three times that of New York and more than three times that of all New England. Yet Texas could offer a better plea on the score of bigness and, though its separation into several states was generally expected when it was admitted to the Union, no impelling cause for such a carving up has yet been presented. Public opinion in Texas blends better than the blizzards of its "Panhandle" blend with the zephyrs of San Antonio. There is no rule of thumb for such things.

As to size, there is the case of Maryland at the other extremity. Maryland could be pocketed in a corner of California without squeezing the rest of the Sunshine State uncomfortably, yet divisions between the propertied interests of Baltimore, in which half of the population is concentrated, and the rural or semi-rural sections cause recurrent thunderclaps of discord. If Baltimore were made a state by itself, conflicts between the delicate susceptibilities of the eastern and western "shores" which would be left, might easily develop into more serious proportions than the old quarrel between town and country.

A better case could be made out for the periodically mooted project of setting off New York City as a state, which would bring temporary surcease of the cries for home rule emanating from the metropolis. The city would then stand out more conspicuously as the cultural, financial, industrial and maritime capital of the country, a sort of modern Athens combining art, literature, business and adventure. It would spend all its own revenue in its own way for local purposes and Up-State could devote itself blithely, without let or hindrance, to those problems of a local nature and interest on which it has set its heart. Yet rivalry between Manhattan and the outlying boroughs would almost surely become keener if the greater rivalry of all the boroughs with Up-State were done away with. Queens, the Bronx, Staten Island would be emboldened to claim as big a share of largess from Wall Street's wealth as ingeniously directed demands made by voluble politicians could bring them.

The spectacle of a band of joyous brothers in a homogeneous state, all having the same natural interests and marching serenely to the polls on election day to vote "Aye" with unanimous voice, is still afar off. The world has not outgrown the need of tolerance. The necessity for it will not be done away with if California, or any other state, is broken up into parts. Neither men nor communities are to be proscribed for thinking differently from somebody else on questions concerning which they have a right to speak. There are always in reserve the appeal to reason and the power of a just cause. Even taking the geographic lines of the state system as they are, there is much to recommend them.

Political complications make it apparent in every generation that many problems which bewilder citizens or incite them to angry rejoinders, threats and desperate expedients can be worked out by the application of the principles of the Christian religion. Without these principles as a universal solvent, people and statesmen are helpless in the face of difficult situations which are bound to arise in a popular government. When Washington wrote in his farewell address that "of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports," he evidently intended his words to have a definitely practical meaning. Out of his long experience in observing the failings of a people in working out their own material destiny under institutions set up by themselves, he knew the truth of every syllable in these words of permanent guidance. When the Constitutional Convention of 1787 seemed hopelessly adrift, and the differences of some of its most distinguished members appeared to be irreconcilable, only a rash man would have predicted that out of such a welter of confusion there would issue the great charter under which Washington became President two years later. A marvelous change came over the gathering after Franklin had proposed "humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understandings."

It is thrice fortunate for America that leaders have arisen in every stage of our history to point to the surest way of obtaining the permanency and efficacy of republican institutions. President Coolidge has emphasized as earnestly as Washington the part that religion must have in the progress of the nation which, strive as it may, can never rely ultimately upon the power of finite wisdom existing among the multitudinous units which compose it.

Hate, the powerful poison which is capable of sapping the strength of any government, is a potion constantly offered to the lips of democracy. To push it aside is one of the high duties of the citizen. It is notoriously easy to evoke the human passions of rivalry, envy and selfishness in every form, particularly after a great war which has disturbed the equilibrium of the world's temperament. Tolerance is the antidote to the poison. This was true in the early days of the republic and it is true now.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

ORDINARILY a coup d'état in Lithuania might be considered merely a domestic disturbance; but the present accession of M. Smetona to the presidential office, involving as it does a quasi-military dictatorship, is bound up with general European political problems of the greatest importance. Some observers profess to see Polish, German, and even British influence involved in the intrigue. It is apparent, at all events, that the League of Nations, which once took so large a part in the affairs of Lithuania when it ceded Vilna to Poland, cannot help viewing the present situation with grave concern. Some writers—Mr. Walter Duranty, of the New York Times, among them—also report that opinion whispers of "mysterious negotiations" in which "representatives of the Vatican" have figured. We may note that no phase of recent papal diplomacy has been more flagrantly misunderstood than the story of relations between Lithuania and Rome. To a large extent these misconceptions are due to the violent nationalistic sentiment fanned by the cession of Vilna. The facts in the case are that the Holy See was almost the first power to recognize the independence of Lithuania; that the diocese of Vilna was made dependent directly upon Rome and not incorporated under the Polish hierarchy; and that the motto, "religion must remain isolated from politics," has not been urged more strongly anywhere than in Riga. All talk of "mysterious negotiations" at this time is therefore not merely improbable in itself, but contrary to the whole historic trend of recent Vatican action. Of course the situation is, and has always been, deeply colored by the claims and activities of Poland. The American reader can guess what these are now if he considers what they have been in history. And so the article dealing with Kosciuszko, contributed by Joseph Koncevicius to this issue of The Commonweal, has a very particular timely interest. In tracing the career of a great American patriot, it also reveals much of the Lithuanian past—a past which seems destined to affect considerably the European present and the world future.

MILITARY movements on the Franco-Italian frontier, which have been responsible during the past two weeks for press headlines recalling the days of August, 1914, have apparently been reduced to their proper proportions as "precautionary measures undertaken quite as much for the benefit of one government as of the other." This is as it should be, and only mischief-makers will care to go behind an explanation that has all the air of being accepted in advance. The situation which the recent Garibaldi disclosures evidenced is enigmatic, not to say Gilbertian. Judging from what they revealed, it would not now be clear, should any sudden incursion into Mentone and Nice occur from the Italian side, whether the invaders were Fascists anxious to force the hand of their Duce, or anti-Fascists ready, at the probable cost of their lives, to create an international situation which might lead to his downfall. It is all very, very obscure and Machiavellian. The best thing, under the circumstances, is a resolute determination never to let Irredentism beget irritation. Those on the French side of the fence who feel aggrieved at recent manifestations might well let their memories go back to days, not very many years ago, when, under the very eyes of an Italy still officially neutral, French forts were dismantled of their ordnance for the benefit of the western front. Of all conceivable international collisions that imagination can conjure up, a Franco-Italian one would seem to be just now the most insane and suicidal.

FOR some years, Near East relief has been one of the foremost concerns of American charity. Too much praise cannot be given the work of Mr. Charles Vickrey and his associates, who succeeded in keeping alive the enthusiasm of their fellow-citizens, and in rescuing thousands of Armenian and other oriental Christians from lingering death. Meanwhile the Papacy, familiar with the situation which has been created by the collapse of Russia and the constant fighting in Asia Minor, has arrived at the conviction that relief is a duty incumbent upon the Church as a whole. To some extent, this conviction is the outgrowth of much recent experience—the Holy Father's personal observation during the years when he served as nuncio in Warsaw; the data gathered by the foundations whose especial purpose has been the redemption of Catholicism in Russia; and the good done by

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the corps of relief-workers who have already been active in the field. The magnitude of the suffering, the omnipresent need, and the opportunity to salvage human bodies and souls is almost unrivaled in modern history. And so the summons to Catholics in the United States, that they organize to support the new Catholic Near East Welfare Association, is sure to meet with a hearty response. The Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., vice-president of Georgetown University, has been placed in charge of the work, which will begin with a nation-wide drive for paying memberships. The drive is to open on January 23, and it is hoped that the support of 1,000,000 men and women will have been pledged by February 12.

NOTHING that we could say here would describe adequately the agony of the Near East. During recent years, news despatches, one after another, have revealed massacre and pillage, social chaos, hunger and dire spiritual need. We have grown callous to reports about remote human catastrophe. But at the present moment, the Holy Father himself is preaching a new crusade. The object now is neither the conquest of sacred places nor the safe-guarding of civilization: the goal is peace, and the practice of the noblest works of mercy. It is an essential part of that vast and inspiring program for universal reconstruction in the spirit of charity which the Church has preached since the fatal days of 1914. The offensive is to be conducted without helmeted soldiers or giant engines of force, but with all the bread and the solace, all the courtesy and medicinal aid, that Christendom can muster. To take a little share in this most noble of campaigns, will seem a worthy business to everyone. For here "the cup of cold water" is a literal necessity, and the fingers of mercy are clasped and intertwined with the hands of little children.

ONE of the least creditable incidents in the history of the League of Nations, was the failure, during its early sessions, to arrive at some method of international control to help suppress the iniquitous commerce in women and girls, only too familiar as the white slave traffic. It was not as though an old grievance were being aired in a tribunal whose competence to legislate for it were a matter of opinion. To the worldly and wide-awake men sitting at Geneva, it must have been obvious that, even if the war were not responsible for white slavery, the conditions which it had brought upon Europe might be trusted to aggravate its worst features. It is when poverty, bereavement, and general upheaval have jolted the fabric of the family loose, that the predatory elements which prowl around it at all times and under all conditions, realize their opportunity and redouble their activity.

THE extent to which the evil has grown in recent years, especially in that Near East which has been assigned by the highest ecclesiastical authority in New York as a special goal for Christian charity this Christmas, may be gathered from the statement issued by Soeur Laure, of the order of Notre Dame de la Délivrande, who has arrived from Alexandria, Egypt, in order to collect funds for a work which closely corresponds to that carried on by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in this country. There are, in Alexandria alone, we are told, 380 houses whose inmates are largely hapless girls who have been lured to Egypt from central Europe by fake advertisements offering employment as governesses or domestic servants at high salaries, which are all the more easily credited as it is notorious that Egypt, during the war, was a centre of profiteering. Once in Alexandria or Cairo, the mask which the procurer or procuress has worn, is thrown off, and imprisonment and starvation are added to persuasion. Many of the girls rescued through the coöperation of foreign consuls and the police, the Sisters assert, bear the marks of this ill-usage on their bodies. The Sisters of Notre Dame de la Délivrande, who are now asking for funds to build a third home and to continue their work of rescue, are, it is interesting to recall, one of the few religious orders founded in the Americas, the mother-house having for years been at St. Pierre, Martinique, and having shared in the total destruction of that city during the eruption of Mt. Pelée in May, 1902.

FRANCIS BACON declared that "it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs." The vigorous old phrase describes fairly well what public opinion has felt all along concerning the transactions in which Mr. Doheny and ex-Senator Fall were involved. A jury has now brought in a verdict for acquittal from the charge of "conspiracy to defraud." Will public opinion agree? We are inclined to think it should, at least on two points: first, that Mr. Doheny would probably have made a heavy loan to his old friend regardless of whether or not there was a deal pending in Washington; second, that ex-Senator Fall has borne the brunt of a national reproach which should have been divided among a number of prominent and, for the most part, still undetected men. In short, the prosecution was really trying neither the entire case, nor arraigning all the offenders. Going into the matter a little more deeply, it is not easy to see how any United States official, normally endowed with intelligence, could have got so tangled up in a nebulous and amorphous "war scare" that he proceeded to scatter the naval resources of the country prodigally and to avail himself of capitalistic helpers who demanded considerably more than a dollar a year. Probably Mr. Doheny (who lives on the Pacific coast) swallowed every drop of the scare and added a nightmare or two of his own concoction. But granted his moral rectitude, and granted that ex-Senator Fall was only

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a blundering go-between, the nation cannot forego combing the evidence gathered by Congress until it finds out just who was responsible and precisely what was done. If the Teapot Dome epoch in United States history be neither edifying nor rational, it may have, at least, the value of being eminently instructive.

MANY things might be said regarding the conduct of the case. Legal technicalities of the most obstructive kind were freely resorted to. There was a quantity of fury and hot air which might have come better from the lips of Dogberry. It reached an unpardonable level in the use of the gift for analogy possessed by Mr. Frank J. Hogan. In a certain remote and reverent sense, every innocent human tragedy can be likened to the great redemptive example of Calvary. But that an American attorney—who, at that, is prominent in religious activities—could so far forget himself as to compare Mr. Doheny's arraignment at the bar of the United States with Christ's appearance before the high priests, is an astonishing occurrence. One would have been quite ready to forgive Mr. Doheny any actual guilt committed during moments of weakness if he had shown enough greatness to arise at that moment and protest. But of course he did not. The atmosphere of the court-room, in which individual wealth and prominence were pitted against community greatness and dignity, was singularly devoid of what can only be called legal decorum. Everybody seemed set on contributing to as mammoth an amalgamation of bathos, rhetoric, personal abuse, and horse-play as has ever been presented for public contemplation. It was as if the court itself had been fated to keep up the low level upon which the "oil scandals" have consistently moved. That, in a way, characterizes them quite as well as the verdict itself.

THE long communication from A Southern Democrat, entitled An Analysis of the South's Attitude, published recently by the New York Times, examines the objections to Governor Smith of New York as a presidential candidate authoritatively. It traces them so unerringly to their real source in atavistic religious prejudice, that The Commonweal now refers to it, not to attempt to add anything, but to enforce a major conclusion which its author, perhaps by an oversight, perhaps through an exaggerated confidence in the ability of his readers to draw it for themselves, left unstressed. Briefly summarized, his argument is that in two outstanding political figures, Governor Smith and Senator Walsh, of Montana, the Democratic party finds the conflict now going on within its own ranks so fully reflected and personified that only one or the other of the two could be the logical choice, if either wing gained a complete victory.

SENATOR WALSH is known as a strong advocate of centralized government. Upon the prohibition issue, his attitude is so uncompromising that "if the prohibitionists in the Democratic party really want the Volstead Act enforced, they should rally around Senator Walsh." On the other hand, "as a defender of the rights of the state against a highly centralized Washington oligarchy, Governor Smith is in line with southern sentiment," and his position on the right of each state to handle its liquor problem in its own interests needs no restatement. This strange situation suggests certain practical possibilities to the writer of this letter, which we can only hope are justified, and we do not propose, in this place, to examine them. All we suggest is that the portent of two statesmen, of views so opposed that they are almost one another's antithesis, who make no secret of their differences, and who both happen to be loyal and practical Catholics, is so complete an answer to the charge that some secret or underground Catholic understanding is at work in the political field, that anyone who asserts it in future will tag himself as intellectually negligible.

WITH a sigh of relief, Irvington, New Jersey, settles back with satisfaction that its suburban Sabbath is not to be signalized by recurrent strife. If the big battle of the "blue laws" must be fought, Irvington is content that some other battlefield shall be chosen for the conflict. That a preliminary skirmish should have been staged within its city limits is not a matter of pride to the citizens of a community that regards the contiguous Newark as a nest of iniquity. They feel like invoking a plague on both ministery and theatre-owners who precipitated much unwelcome publicity, and are delighted that the passage of arms should have ended in a draw. Yet even comfortable and complacent Irvington acknowledges that the issue of Sunday observance has been raised, and that some day, some time, in some place, it will have to be settled sanely and sensibly. It feels, however, that the issue was not raised when ministers and movie managers started to squabble, and that no settlement of a question of large and far-reaching importance was to be expected from the airing of a local disagreement.

THERE is a great deal to be said for the attitude assumed by the majority of the inhabitants of the little New Jersey city. The question of Sunday observance should not be obscured by the selfishness of two parties to a purely local squabble. After all, the matter to the Irvington theatre managers who invoked the general blue laws of the state of New Jersey, was one of profits rather than one of principle. This was abundantly proved by their actions when their opponents were willing to declare a truce. The particular form of selfishness manifested by the ministers who could not stand the sight of theatres filled, and churches more than half empty, was that originating from the germ of coercive morality that a writer in the New

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York Times declares he has isolated, the chief characteristic of which is a settled belief that the victim is born to rule the moral world—and by force. Those suffering from this disease, "a form of conceit rapidly developing into insanity, if not checked," are not all isolated within the confines of the city of Irvington. New Jersey is not the only state whose statutes are cluttered with hoary blue laws. Some day, somewhere, men of good will from all parts of the country will gather to aid the cause of true Sunday observance, to minimize as much as possible the necessity for work on the first day of the week, and to demand the abolition of asinine restrictions on a day of gladness.

AN Associated Press despatch from Detroit conveys the distressing news that Dearborn, Michigan, refuses to declare itself on the side of the angels. Some time ago, the school officials of the Michigan town, following a suggestion of Henry Ford, authorized the use of the school buildings for the teaching of old-fashioned dances, such as the quadrille and the polka. Immediately a protest was filed by the Reverend Frederick C. Krumpling, an evangelical minister, and other leaders of light, that the teaching of these steps of an age which knew not the Bunny Hug and would have been impervious to the charms of the Charleston, tended toward immorality among the pupils and should be banned from the schools. The school officials were disturbed—and rightly so. They had the opinion of experts that they were sowing the seeds of immorality, and yet they had watched the children and had not discerned even a germ of the indecorous. They called a meeting of parents and let the children dance before them as a jury. The parents not only so far forgot themselves as to applaud the immodest spectacle, but went to the length of criticizing the reformers and demanding that the classes be continued.

"TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE"

THE pastoral letter of the Catholic bishops of the United States on the subject of religious conditions in Mexico came as the only possible satisfactory response to a great demand. Catholics in this country, having listened to much talk concerning the bitter Calles persecution, needed information and counsel. Their fellow-citizens, inhibited from knowing the real situation by a lack of information no less than by the fact that they are liberally deluged with propaganda supplied by indecorous Mexican officials in this country, obviously required an authoritative statement of the Catholic position on the matter.

The pastoral letter is an admirable and dignified statement. It is not a tirade. It is not an argument. It merely sets forth certain accepted principles of American governmental practice, going on then to show how the present Mexican régime has violated every one of these, with results to which the people of the United States cannot be indifferent. For indifference would not only seem to condone actions which are beyond the pale of civilized society, but would also encourage those forces which are everywhere attempting to root out tolerance and to curtail liberty of conscience. But the bishops are careful to insist that the inevitable opposite of indifference is not armed force. Their object is rather to accomplish a duty which, in the words of the letter, "will be done when, by telling the story, defending the truth and emphasizing the principles, we sound a warning to Christian civilization that its foundations are again being attacked and undermined. For the rest, God will bring His will to pass in His own good time and in His own good way." And certainly what they have said will be listened to as a careful and convincing statement of as great a case as has ever been tried at the bar of public opinion.

It is instructive to note, however, to what a meagre extent the official American press has dealt with the pastoral letter, and to see how cautious its comment has usually been. A poorly reported and badly misunderstood Rota decision inspired reams of print, affording even a leading dramatic critic opportunity for a caustic joke in the middle of his daily column. By comparison, the authoritative Catholic pronouncement on an issue of the gravest importance to every American citizen, regardless of his religious affiliations, was handled with padded gloves where it was dealt with at all. The New York World professed to believe that "Mexicans themselves" were the proper ones to decide what is right and wrong in the matter. That is—apparently it should make no difference to thoughtful people resident in the United States that in a country immediately bordering upon their own land, a country to some extent intimately affiliated with the conduct of their government under an international code of long standing, the inalienable rights held sacred by all civilized law are long since abrogated. We assume that the retroactive nationalism such words imply it not held by very many persons. Or is a new "declaration of independence" in process of being written? Is no citizen to consider and to pass judgment upon events that lie beyond the boundaries fixed by his government? If so, international opinion is to be killed before it is born; and the thoughts we entertained during the Boer War, the struggle for Irish independence, and the great war were not only unimportant, but actually had no right to exist.

But if we must express the real reason why the pastoral letter—and, indeed, the whole Mexican controversy—has been passed over in silence, here it is: the press of America has not been brave enough to take a stand. If it were really of the opinion that Catholicism in Mexico had no right to live, it would easily have found occasion to say so in a hundred forms of innuendo. But the case against Calles is as firm and complete as the case against any recent

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notorious criminal. To talk about it at all means taking sides. And taking sides, in this instance, means affiliation with a point of view which is still widely unpopular. We need not be misled or fooled regarding the matter. People who spun the matter of the Marlboroughs into lengthy conversations did so because they thought that, for once, they had the Catholic Church in an ugly corner. People who avoid talking about Mexico do so simply because they know full well that the Catholic Church is 100 percent right.

Meanwhile, the bishops' pastoral letter has rendered, at least, an important historical service. Later on, when a Mexico still more hopelessly ruined by the collapse of civil government and moral authority, is stretched out like a ghastly faubourg beside a United States that must go to the rescue in order to save its honor, it will not be easy to forget that during critical years it was fashionable to be non-committal. Those upon whom the task is incumbent will realize again, as men have so often realized, that centuries of regenerative effort expended by Christendom upon the people of the Montezumas could not have been wiped out completely if those who might have averted the catastrophe had not been so blandly satisfied with silence.

MR. BRUCE OF MARYLAND

NOT very long ago, Bishop John J. Dunn, speaking to his vast radio audience from Station WLWL, asked a very important, because very common, question: "Does the Catholic Church accept the fundamental American principle of separation of church and state, in the sense that the church must not engage in politics? Or is the Catholic Church in reality a gigantic political machine?" He answered by drawing attention to certain statistics of exceptional pertinence. Because Catholics form at least 14 percent of the country's voting population, they could if they were really a political machine, elect 62 representatives and 13 senators. As a matter of fact, there are only 37 Catholics in Congress—32 in the House, and 5 in the Senate. These figures become more striking when it is noted that though Methodists constitute only 8 percent of the population, they can lay claim proudly to 118 congressmen, of whom 28 are in the Senate; and that the Baptists, constituting 7 percent of the nation, are stronger than Catholics in Congress by 14 members. What is the inference?

Well a good portion of it is contained in the recent important speech of Senator Bruce, attacking what is so frequently termed the Methodist "Vatican" maintained in Washington. In Maryland, if in any state, it would be reasonable to expect a particularly flagrant case of Catholic "domination," if the fears and starts of supersensitive revivalists were to be taken at face value. Maryland is not only the one state of the original Union which traces its origin directly to a Catholic foundation, but the towering figure among its citizens for a third of a century was Cardinal Gibbons. More than that, the Cardinal possessed political influence, for he had all kinds of influence, and men of all creeds deferred to him.

Here, then, the stage was set for a "demonstration" that all the worst suspicions of certain parsons were true. If their inferences had been correct, the natural thing to expect is that Cardinal Gibbons would have moved his throne to the State House and bossed the governor. Or, when occasion arose, such occasion being the "interests of Rome," he would have moved it to the City Hall of Baltimore and bossed the mayor. Perhaps he could have had his throne in two places at the same time, for nothing is impossible, you know.

But what really happened during that third of a century in Maryland, which is remembered as yesterday by a cloud of witnesses? Cardinal Gibbons did use his influence, his great influence, and used it constantly, but he did so as any citizen might do and he claimed no more right than any other citizen. In partisan politics and the machinery of the civic administration he never once intervened. He set a good example to some political laggards in Maryland and other states by exercising the privilege of voting regularly, but no one ever knew for whom he voted. On questions of general public policy, national and state, he expressed his opinions courageously whenever he had occasion to do so, but he conceded to every other man the right to do the same and acquiesced with complete loyalty in the final verdict when given.

There was domination in Maryland by Cardinal Gibbons in his long tenure as Archbishop of Baltimore, and it may be well to define it. It was the domination of a great churchman who, in ecclesiastical things, performed his part without raising even a suspicion in the minds of those who differed from him in faith that he was confusing church affairs with civic affairs. It was the domination of a great citizen whose unselfish judgment was gladly accepted as a guide by thousands and whose candor was never questioned by those who knew him best.

Senator Bruce's life was contemporaneous with that of Cardinal Gibbons for many years. He had every opportunity to see the reaction of his own community to the Cardinal's undoubted preëminence. This is his testimony, as given in his speech in the Senate:

"If the Catholic Church had interfered with the authority of the state and browbeaten candidates, legislators and other public officials as the clerical leaders of the prohibition movement have done, the whole country would long ago have been aflame. It has done nothing of the sort and has, in many respects, set an example of dignity and wisdom in its relations to the state which might well be imitated by the sectarian extremists in our Protestant communions."

Senator Bruce is a Presbyterian, but in the Senate he spoke as a man. The attention given his remarks shows the nation's appreciation of frank masculinity.

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THE FACTS OF FASCISM

By HARVEY WICKHAM

DOUBTLESS those who, four years ago, were frightened into an anti-Fascist stand by the famous March on Rome, have remained steadfastly opposed to Benito Mussolini ever since. It cannot be denied that they were natural, the anxieties of those days of October, 1922, when—figuratively speaking—the walls of Rome fell before the singing Black Shirts like the walls of Jericho before the seven trumpets of rams' horns of the armed men of Joshua. So, they were not stuffed shirts, after all!

To Catholics, especially, it seemed as if the worst had happened. Mussolini appeared like a second Cadorna, not to say Attila or Caligula. At least he was a man whom not even the Socialists could stomach: son of an anti-clerical father, probably an atheist, certainly with formidable facial angles, whose chosen emblem was the faggot-wrapped battle-ax of the Caesars. All that stood between many and despair was the rock of the Petrine texts.

But on the sixteenth of the following November, that wonder happened which should have enlightened all. The Honorable Mussolini, now legalized Capo del Governo, rose in the Chamber of Deputies, and said:

"Che Iddio mi assista nel condurre a termine vittorioso la mia ardua fatica."

I do not wish to go minutely into history, ancient or modern, but merely to analyze the present Italian situation and the effect which the attitude of America is having upon it. But let it be noted that, outside of the country where it was uttered, this statement of the Duce's caused scarcely a ripple. Few American newspapers so much as reported it, their editors being too busy looking for things to bolster up the preconceived ideas they had already given out to the world for the truth. What if a politician did say, "May God help me to bring my hard task to a victorious end"? Pious words had been heard before from even more unlikely throats without the devil being noticeably inconvenienced. And yet this was the first time that a head of the Italian state had ever officially invoked the name of God.

Since that time, Mussolini has restored the cross to the Colosseum, and the crucifix and religious instruction to the Italian public schools; he has abolished a rule that was agnostic, materialistic and positivist, and brought about a rule which is spiritually and sincerely Catholic; he has outlawed the atheistic Freemasonry emanating from the Grand Orient of France; he has turned back the tides of Marxian Socialism and Bolshevism which threatened to make of Italy another Russia; he has cleansed the annual celebration of the Breach of Porta Pia of its traditional discourses wherein the anti-clerical principles of the secular conquest of Rome were wont to be reaffirmed; he has asserted the Catholic principle of the rights of private property, and put his once-bankrupt country upon a sane and sound financial basis; and he has four times narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of an anti-Catholic cabal.

Yet the Catholics of America do not seem to be satisfied. Paragraphs derogatory to the Duce continue to appear in nearly all the Catholic magazines and newspapers published in the United States.

Naturally, the Vatican did not celebrate the March on Rome with the killing of a fatted calf and a public papal blessing. The Vatican is not so precipitate. On the contrary, Pius XI, in his encyclical, Ubi Arcano, of December 23, 1922, repeated in substance the traditional protest of his predecessors, saying (I have only the Italian version before me) that the origin and nature of his authority made it impossible that he should ever submit that authority to any human laws, "even though such laws pretend to protect the liberty of the Roman Pontificate."

This is the authoritative statement of the Roman question as it then existed—a statement directed against the Law of Guarantees, none of the seventeen clauses of which had then been altered in spirit or in fact. The so-called "compromesso del settalogo," "jest of the little magician, Giolitti," whose ideal was "a Church suffocated in the midst of hostile forces," still stood as the last word of the intent and purposes of the Italian government—and in Italy, seventeen, rather than thirteen, is considered the unlucky number.

Nevertheless, a revolution had been accomplished, and the Fascist Dictator, awakening somewhat tardily to the political importance of the Holy Year, threw all his authority and influence into making it the stupendous success to which, from a somewhat disappointing beginning, it ultimately grew. And he received open thanks from the Holy See. For the first time since 1870, the dove of peace, though wearing the outward form of the eagle of Caesar, had flown westward across the Tiber. And it returned with an olive branch in its beak.

What ensued was anything but peace for the Dictator. He still had plenty of enemies abroad and on the Aventine—that ancient stronghold of the Etruscans, the name of which is used metaphorically in Rome to denote the Opposition. And so began that series of attempted assassinations which we all hope is at an end. I recollect no word from the Vatican in regard to the first two. But after the third, the Pontiff said:

"This is a new sign that Mussolini has the protec-

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tion of God. But he should have more regard, should take more precautions, against human malevolence."

This might be passed by as a merely humanitarian utterance, though it is not customary for the enemies of the Church to be spoken of in that place as men enjoying the protection of God. But the same explanation cannot apply to the subsequent sending of Cardinal Merry del Val as Papal Legate to Assisi.

"I do not believe," says Crispolto Crispolti in a recent number of the Rassegna Italiana, "that we exaggerate or err in our interpretation of facts really to be defined as historical, if we affirm that the journey to Assisi of the Cardinal Legate during the festival of the seventh Franciscan centenary constitutes one of the salient facts in regard to the connection between Italy and the Holy See which has taken place between 1870 and today."

Some importance was indeed attached to this incident outside of Italy. I note the editorial comment of The Commonweal for October 20:

> The centenary of Saint Francis seems to have given an almost unprecedented momentum to the "forces of time" which are bringing on a settlement of the Roman question. The mere fact that both the Papacy and the Italian government officially participated side by side in the festival . . . was enough to predict the rapidly approaching reconciliation of the two powers that have faced each other in silent battle during fifty years.

This pleasant note, however, is in sharp contrast with other and more recent editorial utterances of this paper (see, for example, the paragraph on "baffled ambitions" in the Week by Week department of the November 17 issue) and when it goes on to suggest that an actual partition of Rome is in present contemplation, I think it goes too far. Let us recall some of the words of the Cardinal, himself. Turning to Signor Sindaco during his Assisi address, he said:

> My special thanks to you, and to all the civil authorities, who, with such courtesy and such magnificence have made this celebration the great thing it has been. My thanks to the military authorities and their troops. My thanks also to him who holds in his hands the reins of the government of Italy, who, with his clear vision of the reality of things, has wished and wishes that religion be respected, honored, and practised. Visibly protected by Almighty God, he has, with wisdom and prudence, raised the destiny of the nation.

A Papal Legate thanking the Italian military authorities and their troops, certainly indicates a new entente cordiale; but there remains a stumbling-block in the way of an actual settlement of the famous question. It is not enough that the Princes of the Church go out of their way, as did Cardinal Vannutelli upon the occasion of the marriage of the Pope's niece to Secretary of State Finzi, to express approval of the present régime. It is not enough that the Duce attends in person the services at Assisi, proclaims a national holiday and has a commemorative postage stamp struck in honor of Saint Francis. It would not be enough even if it were proved that Mussolini himself were willing to meet all the claims of the Holy See. For Mussolini is not only a greater statesman, but probably a better Catholic, than any of his more influential followers (or any with but few exceptions) and the Fascisti themselves are a chosen band. There remain the people outside of the organization.

Strange as the idea may seem, the people have to be considered and are considered under a dictatorship as well as in a republic. They are not entrusted with technical matters, but in the long run their will governs and must govern the broad policies of the state. Mussolini, himself, has said in this connection, "A tyranny today is absolutely impossible."

Are the Italian people today ready to give to Peter that adequate pied-à-terre which has seemed to be the sine qua non of any true, bilateral settlement? It is to be doubted. The bitterness and blindness of Garibaldian times, fostered for more than a generation, are not so easily expunged from the national mind.

"All of us," said Mussolini, speaking in the Chamber on June 21, 1921, "who, from fifteen to twenty-five, drank deep at the fountain of Carduccian literature, learned to hate 'una vecchia vaticana, lupa crudenta.' We heard talk of a 'Pontificate dark with mystery' on the one hand, and on the other of sublime truth and the future."

Then he added, "All this, confined to literature, may be most brilliant; but to us Fascisti, who are eminently practical, it seems today more than a little out of date." The addition expressed the extent of his own evolution, but it is not to be expected that Italians in general have quite kept up with him. Not for nothing is the son of the blacksmith called il Duce. He leads.

And in what direction? Obviously in the direction of hearty coöperation with that vast program implied by the proclamation of Christ the King. The idea that he is plotting rather to restore the material monarchy of the Caesars is founded upon the absurd notion that he is mad. He himself has said, "I maintain that the imperial and Latin tradition of Rome is represented today by Catholicism. The only universal idea at Rome today is that radiating from the Vatican."

It is therefore somewhat amazing when a Catholic scholar of the prominence of Dr. John A. Ryan attempts to prove, as he does in The Commonweal for November 17, that the principles of Fascism in regard to the ends of government are as fundamentally opposed to Catholicism as they are to liberalism, Socialism, and Bolshevism. Here is a perfect example of a preconceived opinion working in the unconscious depths of a subtile mind, and bringing forth its fruit very much out of season.

To begin with, instead of taking the public acts and utterances of Mussolini, and the equally public acts and utterances of Pius XJ and the hierarchy in

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relation thereto, which was the obvious and only fair method, Dr. Ryan digs up the English translation of a speech made by Italian Minister of Justice Alfredo Rocco, at Perugia, August 30, 1925. And because a busy head of government chanced to congratulate the speaker by letter, he proceeds to treat the document as if it were a carefully weighed statement coming from Mussolini.

Moreover, by the general air of condemnation which pervades his article, Dr. Ryan manages to give to all his facts, whether favorable to Fascism or not, the seeming character of evidence against the defendant; and at the same time to lend the weight of his own high approval to anything he alleges to have been thought or said against the Italian government—yet without actually taking the responsibility of vouching for its reasonableness or truth.

Thus he claims that the majority of Americans probably look upon Fascism "as an organization and a movement through which certain powerful and rather unscrupulous persons have got control of the government of Italy by violence, and have ruled the country with a certain degree of efficiency, but with considerable disregard of constitutional forms and of human rights and liberties."

One should not use the expression, "unscrupulous persons," even as a quotation from the supposed opinion of a shadowy entity termed "the majority of Americans," without undertaking either to disavow or to prove the implication. Was it unscrupulous in Mussolini to save his country when its government had ceased to function, when it was controlled by irreligious influences and seemed upon the point of flinging itself into the waiting arms of Russia? Is the feat of bringing order out of chaos adequately described as "a certain degree of efficiency"?

But the gist of Dr. Ryan's contention is that Signor Rocco, in holding that the end of the state is something more than the "welfare and happiness of individuals," is in opposition to Pope Leo XIII, who said that "civil society should not only safeguard the well-being of the community, but have also at heart the interests of the individual members." This seems to create a dilemma. But Dr. Ryan smashes one of its horns himself when, later on, he quotes Signor Rocco as saying that Fascism rejects any "bill of rights which tends to make the individual superior to the state, and to empower him to act in opposition to society." Signor Rocco objects to Italian liberalism, to Socialism and to Bolshevism because, in their boasted care for the supposed welfare of individuals, they do tend to permit certain individuals to act in opposition to the welfare of society in general.

Signor Rocco rejects the American theory that ultimate political sovereignty resides in the masses, claiming that "the capacity to ignore individual private interests in favor of the higher demands of society and of history is a very rare gift and the privilege of the chosen few." And Dr. Ryan laments that he has not given the formula by which this élite is to be identified. It is indeed lamentable. But the difficulty has been felt throughout the ages, and surely Italy is not morally bound to adopt the Constitution of the United States—which, even with us, has worked in a way short of perfection. The mystic doctrine of the equality of human souls should not, I think, be used even indirectly to support a political argument.

I wonder if the conscientious opponents of Mussolini ever stop to think of the alternative to Mussolini, of what would be likely to happen were he to be removed in the only way it would be possible now to remove him? I wonder if they seriously consider the effect upon a people, struggling from beneath the inherited philosophy of the French Revolution, of telling them they are just as anti-Catholic as they ever were? Does it not help them to continue misunderstanding the Church, and to prolong that "superstizione laica," which in Italy today is as a barricade on the road to a perfect reconciliation? If a Fascist chances to speak approvingly of Niccolo Machiavelli, why insist that the name is "most notably associated" in political affairs with the idea that the end justifies the means? What an Italian patriot chiefly remembers about Machiavelli is that he was an eloquent advocate of Italian unity.

Scarcely a week goes by in Italy without the appearance of some book or pamphlet dealing hopefully with the relations existing between the Vatican and the Palazzo Chigi. Some are pathetic, voicing the homesick longing of their authors to undo the political consequences of September 20, 1870. Outdoor orators, who in America would be denouncing capitalism from the summits of soap-boxes, are to be heard on every holiday, especially in the Forum, holding large crowds for hours. And their subject is always that of a better understanding between Church and state.

But there is no evidence to show that a workable formula has at last been found. In 1861, Cavour said that the Pope, once separated from the irritating question of temporal power, would be more popular in modern than he ever was in mediaeval Rome. In his last significant reference to the subject (in his speech of June 21, 1921) the Duce seems to make a similar reservation in these words: "I advance the hypothesis that if the Vatican should definitely renounce its temporal ambitions—and I think it is already on that road—Italy ought to furnish it with the necessary material help."

True, the words "temporal ambitions" are capable of various interpretations, and a great deal that is encouraging has happened since 1921. Still, without authoritative warrant for a more definite hope, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to accept the growing cordiality between the Vatican and the government with thankfulness, and to refrain from attempts to keep antagonism alive among the people.

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KOSCIUSZKO: A LITHUANIAN

By JOSEPH B. KONCEVICIUS

IT IS no exaggeration to say that Thaddeus Kosciuszko was one of the greatest lovers of liberty of his time. He came to America with the single purpose of helping to attain the freedom of this nation. Though a foreigner, his sincerity of purpose, his self-sacrificing endeavors in the furtherance of the cause he so generously espoused, his vast knowledge of warfare, and his splendid endurance made him one of the outstanding leaders in the great struggle for independence. He became one of Jefferson's closest friends and Washington's adjutant. The high opinion entertained of him by both Jefferson and Washington may be gathered from certain of their letters in which they give him high praise.

Kosciuszko was in Paris when he determined to come to America. There he obtained from Benjamin Franklin a letter of introduction to Washington, and on his arrival in 1776 he immediately presented himself to the commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary forces and volunteered his services in the cause of independence. Washington was not over-eager to accept foreign officers who were ill-acquainted with the English language, and his reply to Kosciuszko was: "What can I do with you?"

"Try me," was the characteristic answer of the Lithuanian, and he was forthwith commissioned a colonel in the Revolutionary army and detailed for service under General Gates. So successfully did he carry out the important work of establishing fortifications near Saratoga that his commanding officer ascribed to his efforts much of the credit for the victory in that engagement—a victory that was one of the most notable in the whole course of the war for independence.

In 1779, Washington sent him to West Point where he started the work of establishing the military academy. To judge from his correspondence with Washington, he worked under tremendous difficulties and his duties as chief engineer in charge of the work were onerous in the extreme. Washington, sensible of Kosciuszko's heroic efforts in the face of most adverse conditions, gave him his choice of remaining at West Point or undertaking duties in the South. He decided in favor of the latter, and in August, 1780, proceeded to join the command of General Green under whom he served with distinction until the end of the war. His services to this country were recognized by Congress in the following resolution: "Resolved that the Secretary of War transmit to Colonel Kosciuszko the brevet commission of brigadier-general, and signify to that officer that this Congress entertains a high sense of his long, faithful and meritorious service." In addition to this expression of the country's appreciation, Kosciuszko had conferred upon him the honor of membership in the order of the Cincinnati.

Kosciuszko (or Kostiuszko—from the Greek, Constantine) was born in the village of Mereczowszczyzna in the District of Slonimas (Slonim) in Lithuania, on February 12, 1746. He came of an old and noble Lithuanian family. His studies were made, first in a Jesuit school in Lithuania, and later in a military academy in Warsaw, where he so distinguished himself as a student that he was sent to continue his training in Germany, Italy, and France. On his return, he was commissioned a captain of artillery, but it was not till he came back from the United States that he saw active service in Europe. Kosciuszko had an intense love of his native Lithuania, and it was this, together with his admiration for the ancient liberators, Timoleon and Cornelius Nepos, who had been his heroes from earliest youth, that inspired him with the love of liberty for all nations. When the independence of Poland and Lithuania was threatened, Kosciuszko was ready to offer himself in their defense. Even in this crisis, however, his love of Lithuania rose paramount. His appointment to serve in Polish territory occasioned him keen regret, evidence of which we find in a letter written by him to General Niesialowski from Wloclawk (Poland) on March 7, 1790. He wrote:

> I beseech you by all that is dearest to you in life (your wife and children) to remove me from so unpleasant and expensive a place, one which has nothing to recommend it. God knows I have none with whom to speak, yet perhaps that is good, for I have never conversed with oxen. But the country! I will not describe it except to say that it is nice and should be predestined for honest and prudent managers, Lithuanians, but not for these abominable and careless people. Will you return me to Lithuania? Perhaps you will renounce me, realizing that I am unable to serve you. What am I if not a Lithuanian, one of your chosen countrymen? To whom should I show gratitude, if not to you? Whom should I defend, if not you and myself? If my petition does not meet with your favor, and if you do not bring the question of my return before the Sejm [Parliament] God knows what evil may befall me, for it angers me to be from Lithuania and serving in Poland [Koronie] and besides, have you not three generals? When some force has rendered you powerless, then you will awake and take care of yourself.

The years of strenuous warfare through which Kosciuszko passed in his struggles for the freedom of America, Lithuania, and Poland left undimmed his passion for the independence and liberty of his native land. An evidence of this is to be found in the following letter written to Czar Alexander I in 1815:

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> Your Majesty: Count Czartoryski has recounted to me all the benefits which you are preparing for the Polish nation. Words fail to express my profound respect and gratitude. There is but one thing that unquiets my soul and disturbs my happiness. I am a Lithuanian born, and not many years of life remain to me, yet the curtain of the future hides from me the destiny of my native land and mother country. I do not remember any such excellent promises of Your Majesty in this respect made verbally, either to me or to my countrymen.

From all available documents, including a will made by him in Paris (in which he makes the direct statement) it appears conclusively that not alone was Kosciuszko a Lithuanian by birth, but that he was throughout his whole life a Lithuanian patriot. Historical justice demands that it be shown Kosciuszko was not a Pole, as has been generally claimed, but a Lithuanian.

Kosciuszko was sincere in his love of liberty. Having participated in the struggle waged by America for her independence, he deplored the fact that after the Americans had attained their own independence the Negro slaves should still be kept in bondage. He had himself refused a gift of 1,000 slaves from Emperor Paul of Russia on his release from that country—simply because it would have been contrary to his cherished principles to have accepted them. When he returned to the United States the second time (1787) he was more than ever impressed with a sense of the sad condition of the Negroes—bondsmen in a free country—and while no opportunity was given him to fight for their freedom, he did all that was in his power to bring about their emancipation. On the occasion of this visit, he placed in the hands of his friend, Jefferson, as his attorney, control of all his property here, and the following will:

> I, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, being just on my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct that should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend T. Jefferson to employ the proceeds thereof in the purchase of young Negroes, from among his own or any others, giving them liberty in my name; in giving them an education in trades or otherwise; and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or moders [mothers] husbands or wives, and in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful, and I make the said Thomas Jefferson my executor of this trust.—T. Kosciuszko.

While in Paris, Kosciuszko executed another will—or more correctly, perhaps, a codicil to the first—in which he made a bequest to the son of his friend, General John Armstrong. The instrument ran thus:

> Know all men by these presents that I, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, formerly an officer of the United States of America, and a native of Lithuania in Poland, at present residing at Paris, do hereby will and direct that at my decease the sum of $3,704 currency of the aforesaid United States shall of right be possessed by and delivered over to the full enjoyment and use of Kosciuszko Armstrong, the son of General John Armstrong.

Jefferson was deeply moved on receiving news of Kosciuszko's death which occurred on October 15, 1817. Referring to it in a letter, he said: "I will not trouble you with vain condolences and regrets on the death of our mutual friend, General Kosciuszko . . . which we both lament."

On November 30, 1817, Mr. Barnes, a friend and business agent of Jefferson wrote him, asking that he send to M. Jullien, a French writer, such facts as were in his knowledge of Kosciuszko's life in America. He wrote: "It would afford consolation to those who, having known Kosciuszko personally, deplore the loss of a great and good man—the friend of liberty." In a letter to M. Jullien on July 23, 1818, Jefferson wrote:

> However heavily pressed by the hand of age, and unequal to the duties of punctual correspondence, of which my friends generally would have a right to complain, if the cause depended on myself, I am happy to find that in that with yourself there has been no ground for reproach. Least of all things could I have omitted any researches within my power which might do justice to the memory of General Kosciuszko, the brave auxiliary of my country in its struggle for liberty, and, from the year 1797, when our particular acquaintance began, my most intimate and much beloved friend.

Again, writing to Mr. William Wirt, a mutual friend, Jefferson says:

> This [the will] is to be executed wholly in this state and will occupy so long a course of time beyond what I can expect to live that I think to propose to place it under the Court of Chancery. The place of probate generally follows the residence of the testator.

It is apparent from Jefferson's letters that he was genuinely anxious to see the purpose of Kosciuszko's will realized, but that he was conscious of the impediment which his own age would offer to the faithful execution of the trust at his hands. In another letter to Mr. Wirt, he wrote:

> I wish to prove it [the will] in our own district court, if that will do, because I could attend and give the proof personally. If it will do in our Court of Chancery at Staunton I might perhaps be able to go that far, but nowhere more distant. I do not mean to accept the executorship, because the trust will take a longer course of time than I have left of life, but I have engaged General Cocke to do it.

General Cocke resigned the administratorship because of the difficulty which he feared would arise from the fact that the testator's purpose was contrary to the laws of Virginia. Jefferson then had appointed as

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administrator, Benjamin L. Lear, of Washington, evidently an attorney, to whom he sent a statement of Kosciuszko's estate in this country, amounting to $17,099. In a long letter to Jefferson, Lear wrote:

> I shall place the funds far enough out of my own reach to avoid the embarrassment above mentioned, and what is scarcely less dangerous, in these peculiar days of immoral influences, the temptation which no one ought to encounter unnecessarily, since we have seen how many strong men have yielded. . . . Then a question may arise how far the will can be executed compatibly with the laws of Virginia and Maryland, which regard with jealousy the education of that description of persons [Negroes] to the extent provided for by the will. If the will should be defeated on such ground, the funds would probably be subject to a law of Maryland which provides that all funds remaining in the hands of executors or administrators and which cannot be appropriated legally to any other purpose, shall go . . . for the support of schools.

Jefferson's predictions that the execution of the trust would take a longer time than he had to live, were more than verified. The entire matter was ultimately transferred to the Orphans' Court in the District of Columbia, and the records are now preserved in the clerk's office at the Supreme Court of the district. These are so complicated that no clear evidence as to the purpose to which the proceeds of Kosciuszko's estate were devoted can be obtained from them. The statements submitted from time to time disclose that when Lear's administration began on January 16, 1823, the estate amounted to $17,099. His final accounting, on December 7, 1838, showed the fund to have increased to $45,575. The next administrator appointed was George Bumford, whose final accounting on June 7, 1847, showed a balance of $47,002. His successor, the time of whose appointment is not clear from the records, was Louis Johnson, who submitted a final accounting in 1853, showing a balance of $5,601.

To what purpose the courts decided to devote all the funds of Kosciuszko's estate, or into whose hands the money finally found its way, it is difficult to determine. We do know, however, that in 1826 a school for Negroes, known as the Kosciuszko School, was established in Newark, New Jersey, at an initial cost of $13,000.

Kosciuszko was indeed a man of great heart and noble character, whose memory is dear, not only to his own countrymen of Lithuania, but dear, as Jefferson said, "to the people of the United States"; dear to Poland, and to every other nation where the highest type of gentleman and friend of liberty is revered.

The Wind

The wind is a tender lover,
Young trees quiver under its touch;
The wind is a terrible lover,
Old trees remember much.

BORGHILD LUNDBERG LEE.

WHITHER THE CHILD?

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

THE Church's task of training humanity for celestial citizenship has always had an intimate bearing —since human nature is not constructed in bulkheads —on the adaptation of men to the social life of their day, to their commercial development and international understanding and good will. The complexities of this side of her mission have varied, of course, with the characteristics of different ages and nations; and in this era, and in the United States especially, she is dealing with problems of citizenship foreshadowed, indeed, in other commonweals and centuries, but never on such a scale or with such world-wide implications.

The National Council of Catholic Women has assumed as its foremost task the training of good American citizens, fashioning them largely from the immigrants and their children; and following the spirit of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, one of whose admirable works is the Civics Catechism for the incoming foreigner, which is of such a high order of excellence and so impartial and detached in its statements that it has been adopted by several non-Catholic religious organizations in their welfare work.

Among the units of the National Council, the New York Archdiocese has peculiar problems to deal with upon whose successful solution may depend much of the city's future strength and prosperity. At the meeting of the Archdiocesan Council at the Hotel Plaza on December 6, the fact was brought sharply into prominence that in New York City the Catholic immigrants necessarily form the pivot of welfare work. Arriving daily at the port, they must be guided and protected until they have found their parish home, and have learned to clothe their ancient traditions in new American forms without loss of faith or of religious fervor. Upon their proper introduction to their country depends much of the civic and national soundness of their social and political future.

His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, who honored the meeting with his presence, was attending what has been the direct outgrowth of his singular zeal for the relief of the poor and unfortunate; for the protection of the immigrant; and for the spiritual education of the children, especially the children of the foreign-born, and of those children in the public schools whose intellectual training is practically severed from religion.

The reports of the county directors at this meeting —there are seven counties in the diocese, besides the three which cover New York City—bear witness to the widening Catholic interest here and in the rural districts in the study clubs for the better education of the laity in Church history and doctrine.

The importance of this work is obvious, particularly in its bearing on the relations of Protestants and Catholics in the rural districts, where religious tolera-

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tion is not a shining characteristic of the inhabitants. In New York, the gulf between the Catholic and the Protestant is just as wide, and their essential divergence remains unchanged. But in a municipality so dominated by the common effort to overcome the physical conditions peculiar to that city, there is not much time left for the religious suspicion of the neighbor.

The countryman from time immemorial has been a conservative; and the rural Protestant does not as a rule share the indifferentism of some of his city brethren. Being usually a fundamentalist and a puritan with an inherited distrust of the Church, he is a hostile challenge to the rural Catholic, who is all the more in need of the information which would enable him to answer Protestant charges, questions or objections.

But the work for the child is still more important than that for the adult. Father J. Elliot Ross, speaking on this subject at the Archdiocesan Council meeting, said:

"There was a time when nearly the whole of life was Catholic. . . . But today conditions are very different. There are thousands of non-Catholic and even anti-Catholic educative forces beating upon our people. . . .

"For the country as a whole, we have about half our children in our own schools. Comparing one diocese with another, New York has approximately a third as many children in Catholic schools in proportion to the Catholic population, as the diocese having the highest proportion. That is due principally, I think, to the lack of Catholic schools rather than to the preference of Catholic parents for other schools.

"Great numbers of our children in New York, then, are not getting the Catholic training that they should, either in the home or in the school. That means we must use some other and extraordinary way of preparing them to meet the religious environment of today. Our Archbishop has decided that the only possible way is to have lay volunteer teachers supplement the work of the public schools outside of school hours in our own buildings. And he has laid this heavy responsibility upon the Council of Catholic Women. . . .

"For this reason, a training class is necessary for those who can teach, and we have been fortunate in securing Mother Bolton of the Cenacle to take charge of this. She has a method which is as different from the old memory method we studied catechism under, as the teaching of geography today is different from that of fifty years ago. It is a method that really educates. It draws out the unknown from the known.

"That is the great need of today. To make the faith of Catholics intelligent. The Faith in itself can withstand the fiercest attacks of modern infidels, just as it has withstood the shock of persecution throughout the centuries. But the faith of individual Catholics may easily fall, because they have really misunderstood their faith, have not grasped it intelligently."

LA VERNA OF THE STIGMATA

By JOHN STAPLETON

OF THE many thousands who, from all parts of the world, have been visiting Assisi in this Franciscan year, comparatively few, probably, at least among the foreign pilgrims, have gone on to La Verna, the Sanctuary of the Stigmata. That hallowed spot had its time of intensest devotion two years ago, the seven hundredth anniversary of the date, September 14, 1224, when the Saint, in the oft-quoted words of Dante, "on the harsh rock between Tiber and Arno, from Christ did receive that final seal which his limbs two years bore."

It is true that the king of Italy, prominently associated with every important stage of the Franciscan celebrations, went to La Verna last September, and that many thousands, chiefly Italians, visited the place during that month. But naturally, it is to Assisi that the world has looked in the past months of remembrance—and certainly to that vast host of those whom we may, without offense, call the non-Catholic philo-Franciscans, the Poverello connotes Assisi and nowhere else.

When one pays a visit to La Verna, the reasons for this comparative obscurity become clear. It is not only that, obviously, Assisi is far more closely associated with the biography of the Saint; it is also partly due to the fact that La Verna is much more difficult of access and has figured far less in art than the Umbrian city. There has been no Giotto to carry the image of La Verna into millions of minds; of artistic treasures La Verna can only boast two or three Della Robbias —admirable examples of his work, but not alone worth a journey for the general student of art. The frescoes here of episodes in the Saint's life are of the seventeenth century, far inferior in historical interest or artistic value to any work at Assisi. It is no reflection on the spiritual glories of the main sanctuary to say that while many motives might drive the visitor to Assisi, La Verna is comparatively rarely visited by any except those who, without preoccupation of art-study or historical scholarship, wish to understand more of the Saint, and pierce the secret of his spirituality.

It has been said that La Verna is difficult of access. The new road which the king of Italy opened at the time of his visit, will make the journey easier, and there was, indeed, some anxiety among the friars (it is the Friars Minor who have sole charge here) that this would attract the mere tourist. Hitherto, he has been severely discouraged. Until recently there was no accommodation near the sanctuary—only a small unpretentious inn in the village half a mile below. This year there is a hotel, admittedly a facility for the excursionist, but also an assistance for those pilgrims who cannot make the journey in those few weeks of clement weather which, in all the year, are vouchsafed to this lofty, bleak spot.

Even with both motor-road and hotel, however, the final stage of the pilgrim's journey is steep and difficult enough to impress the mind with that sense of devotion that comes from remoteness. Nothing on wheels, one would think, can ever traverse that last half-kilometre stretch of rough, half-perpendicular road which, from the village of La Beccia, where the carriage from Bibbiena halts, leads up to the entrance to the sanctuary. Only slow, heavy oxen, dragging timber on sleds, or donkeys with panniers of bricks, or firewood, or food, were to be seen on this side of the rock. And so may it always be! The mind of exceptional concentration or spiritual receptive-

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ness may, no doubt, recapture something of the spirit of Saint Francis amid the buzz of limousines; the weaker spirit will find it easier to attune himself by a few hundred yards of exceedingly difficult passage through sheer thirteenth-century primitiveness.

One or two guide-book remarks may not be out of place. From Florence or Rome, you go by train or car to Arezzo, also associated with the Saint and containing, in his church, some of Piero della Francesca's finest frescoes. From Arezzo, another train, or the road, takes you on to Bibbiena, and on issuing from the gate of that city the range of hills on which the sanctuary is situated comes into view. The monastery and its buildings can hardly be distinguished from the solid wall of rock; it looks as if only birds could find their home in that friendless height. The range soon disappears from view as one continues the journey along the plain, and is not seen again until good progress has been made with the ascent. Little by little, the vineyards and olive-orchards give place to cereals—then these yield to pasture, from which gaunt masses of bare rock emerge more and more frequently. At length the little village of La Beccia is reached; the carriage halts, and you end the journey on foot, coming first to the outer portal, which briefly tells the story of Count Orlando's gift of this remote spot, so well suited to prayer and meditation in solitude, to the Saint in the year 1213.

The actual entrance to the monastery enclosure reminds us of the stigmata, and claims that in all the world there is no more sacred height. Below, the wonderful panorama of the Casentino stretches out—once a battlefield for Guelps and Ghibellines, and associated with Dante's service as a soldier and other episodes in his life. Today it is a remarkably fertile plain, with a ring of picturesque mountains enclosing it—on another one of which there is another famous sanctuary, the hermitage of Camaldoli. But the pilgrim soon turns away from this prospect of nature to contemplate the miracle of sanctity.

Every circumstance makes it easy for the visitor to reconstruct the part played by La Verna in the spiritual biography of the Saint. Here is the bed where he used to lie—a bare rock in a dark, damp cave underground; here is the precipitous path round the mountain, with sides dropping sheer away a hundred feet below, where the devil met Saint Francis who cast him down, and pressing back into the rock, left the mark of his body. Here is the cavern whose roof is an enormous rock, detached from the main mountain and looking as if suspended in air—another of Saint Francis's places of retreat. Here, example of that mingling of the childlike and gracious with the grim and ascetic which made up the whole Saint Francis, is the Chapel of the Birds—scene of one Mass a year in honor of a familiar episode repeated more than once in the Saint's life. Finally, the simple but infinitely moving Chapel of the Stigmata is reached, marking the spot where the Saint, during his last visit to La Verna, on the morning of September 14, vigil of the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, standing on the rock with his face turned to the East, felt the mountain enveloped with an angelic presence which descended and left on his body the marks of his Lord Whom thus he was able to imitate down to the last. Franciscus alter Christus. One comes upon but very few of the customary "aids to devotion" at La Verna; remembrance and association do their work unaided, and exalt the spirit as few other sanctuaries in the world can do.

MEDIAEVAL HEALING

By F. M. VERRALL

PRACTICALLY all drugs and medicines in Anglo-Saxon days were prepared from native herbs, for of the 400 plants mentioned in an early vernacular manuscript, most are well-known wild plants, which were transplanted, as required, into the physic plots of monasteries.

Many of the diseases given in the Anglo-Saxon manuscript are familiar to us now; but among the remedies for healing ague and fevers, we find unfamiliar ones, intended to ward off the attacks of elves or malicious sprites. In those unsophisticated days, there was no clear line between physical maladies and those that were supposed to be caused by magic agencies.

"A salve against the elfin race and goblin visitors" called for wormwood, bishopsweed, lupin, henbane, and viper's bugloss—all wild plants—to be put into a vessel, placed under the altar, so that nine Masses could be said over them; afterward they were to be boiled in butter and fat, holy salt added, and strained through running water. Then, if any elf-tempting occur to a man, or night goblins, smear his forehead with salve, and sign him with the sign of the Cross." This was deemed a reliable safeguard.

Many recipes required Masses to be said over the herbs. It is clear that our Saxon forefathers valued the Mass so highly that they required even medicinal herbs to be hallowed by it, before they could be worked into salve or drink. Thus, before the salve for flying venom (epidemics) is made, "one Mass must be sung over the worts." Or for the "lent-addle," (graphic name for typhus) a man (priest?) must sing Masses over the fennel, feverfew, menyanthes, and waybroad (plantain) first. Then they were soused in ale, holy water added, and the infusion boiled thoroughly. The patient was to drink cupfuls, hot, saying the names of the four evangelists and a prayer.

Blessing oneself was often recommended. "If a man hath sudden ailments, make three Crosses on his head, three on his breast, and he will soon be well." Prayer and psalm were interwoven with simple remedies. "To keep the body in health; with prayer to the Lord, take mynt and rub it into wine—let a man take it at night, fasting." Or in other cases, the Creed, Paternoster, or certain psalms were ordered to be recited at the time that the patient took his appointed draught.

"A good drink against the devil" was to put bishopsroot, agrimony, and alexanders into holy water, and drink it with ale. Holy water, holy oil, and holy salt were required in many herbal decoctions. Sometimes a prayer, a holy name (Emmanuel or Veronica being popular) a psalm, or a text was written on the paten or housel dish—then the writing was carefully washed off with water which was added to the herbs.

Cattle, horses, and land were not forgotten. "Sing over thy cattle every evening to be a help to them, the Tersanctus." An "elfshot" horse could have Christ's mark written on forehead and limbs. There were prayer formulae to recover stolen or strayed animals—there were amazing remedies to heal them when sick.

The traveler, before a journey, must pull artemesia at sunrise, sign it with the sign of the Cross, and call on the four evangelists and on the "Seraphim, guardian of the ways, to pray to the good God for a good departure."

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COMMUNICATIONS

CHRISTIAN UNITY

West Point, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Because the daily newspapers have lately announced the resumption of the Malines conferences—as well as further preparations for the 1927 World Conference on Faith and Orders—it seems timely to recall the Roman Pontiff's deep interest in all non-Catholic attempts to regain organic Christian unity. In an address to some cardinals on March 24, 1924, His Holiness said: "We shall look with favor on all Catholics who, moved by divine grace, shall strive to help their separated brethren to obtain true faith, preparing the way for them by dissipating deeply-rooted prejudices, by teaching the whole Catholic doctrine, and above all, by showing forth in their lives that charity which is the mark of the disciples of Christ."

From July 31 to August 3, 1924, the fourth reunion conference took place in Velehrad, Czecho-Slovakia, in which Catholics and Orthodox participated. This congress had previously received papal approval by the following words: "One of the main ends of this meeting will be the acquisition of new knowledge of the history and afflictions of the Eastern peoples. You will secure a better grasp of the manners and customs of the Easterns and a deeper appreciation of the dignity of their church services and of the value of their ecclesiastical institutions. . . . We firmly hope that the good undertakings of such meetings will help much to drive out the mistrust and misunderstanding that has taken root in the West in matters that concern the history and piety of the East."

On October 15 and 22, 1926, reunion meetings were held in Constantinople, at which were present the apostolic visitor and locum tenens of the Armenian Catholic patriarchate (who presided) the bishop of Gubbio, the vicar-apostolic of Egypt, the vicar-general of the apostolic delegate at Constantinople, the Melchite patriarchal vicar, the pastor of the cathedral, the protosyncellarius of the Greek diocese, the dissident metropolitan of neo-Cesarea, many religious superiors and pastors of Latin and Eastern parishes, the Orthodox metropolitan of Imbros and Tenedos, the Orthodox titular bishops of Irenopolis and of Elea, the Archimandrite Dorotheos, chief secretary of the Phanar patriarchate, the pastor of the Russian parish in Constantinople, and the prior of the Russian monastery of the Holy Trinity at Galata.

It is worth remembering that during the Russian revolution Pope Benedict XV offered the summer-place of the apostolic delegate at Constantinople to the Russian Orthodox metropolitan of Kieff. When the great modern apostle of truth and unity, Cardinal Mercier, passed to his reward, Metropolitan Eulogios presided in the Russian Church in Paris at a "pankhida" sung for the soul of the late Cardinal. A Russian protopriest, Father Izvolsky, attended the funeral of the Belgian prelate and walked in the cortège. The ex-Metropolitan Anthony of Kieff sent to the Holy Father through the nuncio in Belgrade a message in which was revealed the fact that Metropolitan Anthony had lighted a taper and said a prayer for the deceased Prince of the Roman Church in the Roman Catholic cathedral at Karlovitz.

The present-day reunion conferences are altogether in accord with the wishes of him whom the Orthodox Byzantines call in Lauds for the feast of Saints Peter and Paul the "foundation of the Faith," for His Holiness told us in the encyclical Ecclesiam Dei: "Just as it is necessary that the dissident Easterns, laying aside old prejudices, should seek to know the true life of the Catholic Church without attributing to the Roman Church the faults of private individuals—faults she is the first to condemn and seek to correct, so also the Westerns must strive to know better and more profoundly the history and customs of the Easterns. . . . We are convinced that from a correct knowledge of the facts there will arise a just appreciation of men and likewise will flourish an honest love of mankind that, nourished in the charity of Christ, will greatly serve religious unity."

Dr. Frank Gavin, professor of ecclesiastical history in the Episcopal Theological Seminary in New York, gives the following conclusions: "In summary we may state: (a) that the Orthodox Church claims to be the whole and only Catholic Church; (b) that as such she claims infallibility; (c) that she can recognize no unity of doctrine save on the basis of the acceptance of the whole of her teaching; (d) that she cannot admit the existence of any 'members' or 'branches' of the Church, since it is constituted of herself alone, nor the validity of any sacraments save her own. Consequently, her ideal of unity is not that of gathering up and uniting the divided portions of the Church, but a return of all heretical or schismatical bodies to the one Church. 'Our desire,' says the encyclical of 1902, 'is that all heterodox shall come into the bosom of the Orthodox Church of Christ, which only is able to give them salvation.' "

Bishop d'Herbigny, S.J., president of the Pontifical Oriental Institute in Rome, tells us: "With their colonies, with the help of American Episcopalians, with the Old Catholics, Jansenist and Mariavite bishops, the Anglicans hope to gather together a conference of seven or eight hundred titular bishops. Will they succeed? Maybe. And Providence in some way will bless their efforts for the good of the Church and sincere souls. A renewal of faith, of love, and of longing for Catholic unity will show itself among non-Catholics of good will, for many of the promoters of the World Conference have a spiritual horror of heresy and schism. In answer to their prayer, Our Saviour will make it possible for them to regain His truth, His supra-national charity. . . . Do not forget that the Anglicans, the organizers of Anglo-Eastern union, are troubled. Have not they a right to our brotherly intercessions?"

MICHAEL MACGREGOR.

EXISTING ECONOMIC DIFFICULTIES

Bourbonnais, Ill.

TO the Editor:—I regret very much that Mr. Du Brul thinks I took a slightly aggressive attitude in my reply to his first communication. I meant to be all sweetness and light, because I was quite delighted that he had discovered and stated so clearly one of the practically insoluble problems of the existing economic system, a problem which in the last analysis is a serious indictment of this system. I was certainly, therefore, in no contentious mood when I pointed out this fact and I did not feel called upon under these circumstances to solve what I believed to be an insoluble difficulty inherent in the present economic order. My letter, therefore, cannot be

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called, "a naïve example of ignoratio elenchi," because I was so well aware of the point at issue that apparently I was able to turn it on Mr. Du Brul and have "pinked" him in a sensitive spot.

At the risk perhaps of having to admit mental obtuseness, I must confess I am unable to follow Mr. Du Brul in his distinction between "not paying a living wage, but a notoriously low wage." If "a notoriously low wage" is a living wage, will Mr. Du Brul please tell me what he regards "not a living wage"?

His analogy of faulty plumbing in a house which can be repaired with a half-yard of piping is evidently fallacious. Had he continued to quote my argument instead of stopping short when he did and had added, "if we had a social or political system which as a necessary condition of existence at times compelled men to murder or commit any other crime, all right opinion would oppose it and Catholic opinion would be unanimous," the falsity of his analogy would have been evident, and Mr. Du Brul is too good a logician to have used it. Our economic system belongs to the moral order, not to the physical order, and wage statistics show that there is far too large a number of workers receiving less than a living wage under our present system. Such a condition cannot be answered by a sophistical comparison between a plumbing system and a leaking pipe. Should Mr. Du Brul question this, I shall be very glad to furnish abundant proof that large numbers of wage-earners today are not receiving a living wage.

It by no means follows that because I refuse to offer a solution for what I think is an insoluble problem I am thereby forced to refrain from criticism of the solution offered by Mr. Du Brul.

I regret that he thinks the bread I offered him was a stone because I intended to feed him abundantly with the very nourishing bread that "industrial democracy" affords. In other words, Mr. Du Brul refuses to consider any argument of the least value which does not in some way defend the existing industrial order and suggests that it is because arguments of this kind are not used all the time at the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems that Catholic employers are conspicuous by their absence. Never, even in my most pessimistic moments, have I ever thought that employers were so impervious to sound ideas as his attitude implies.

The analogy that Mr. Du Brul attempts to draw between the Church and our present economic system is also fallacious. It is quite true, of course, that the scandalous lives of certain "prominent historical personages" identified with the Church is no argument against the divinity of the Church for the simple reason that the Church was established to teach divine truth. It would, however, be a tremendous argument against the Church could it be proven that some Pope speaking ex cathedra had taught error. The economic order is established for the purpose of providing an adequate and decent livelihood for people and it is therefore a valid indictment of the economic order to prove that large numbers of workers do not receive a living wage. I grant quite cheerfully that a certain measure of selfishness and dishonesty will always prevail in humanity. Industrial democracy is not based upon the total elimination of these vices, but it will reduce the evils consequent upon them and the opportunities for indulgence in them.

Mr. Du Brul's contention that an employer is committing no injustice in offering to pay what he can because his men are under no compulsion to accept it, is evidently sophistical, because most workingmen must work or starve. They may be unable to find employment elsewhere. I am quite sure that Mr. Du Brul would not argue that he would commit no injustice if he took advantage of the financial necessity of someone who owned a valuable diamond and purchased it from him for only $100 when the diamond was worth $1,000, even though $100 was all he felt he could afford to pay for it. In such a case he would have no right to the diamond and as an honest man should forego his desire for it.

As I recollect the discussion at Cleveland, it was agreed that the employer in Mr. Du Brul's hypothetical case might be allowed to pay low wages for a short time providing there was reasonable hope that the industry would soon become self-sustaining and capable in the future of paying living wages. I would dissent very sharply from the doctrine that an industry might, with a clear conscience, continue indefinitely to pay low wages.

A living wage has often been defined by Catholic teachers of economics and the social sciences. No less an authority than Pope Leo XIII has defined a living wage as a wage sufficient to maintain a workingman and his family in decent and frugal comfort. To expand on this it may be said that a living wage is one that is sufficient to maintain a workingman and his family in the standard of living generally maintained by his class in society, and affords him enough for the proper education of his children, allows him occasional periods of vacation and recreation, and provides him with insurance against old age, sickness, and death.

If, like Diogenes, Mr. Du Brul is seeking merely an honest man, may I in all humility suggest that the need of his lantern is ended? He may think that I am terribly mistaken, but I assure him I am entirely sincere.

REV. J. W. R. MAGUIRE, C.S.V.

ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor:—In the Saturday Review of Literature of November 20, 1926, Dr. Eugene L. Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Extension Institute, reviews Dr. Raymond Pearl's Alcohol and Longevity. He questions the data used as a basis for the author's conclusions and holds that prior life insurance and laboratory studies "must stand as the only dependable basis for a public message on this question."

For the purpose of discussion, let us admit Dr. Fisk's inferential premise: that alcohol, even in moderate amounts, does shorten life; and let us further consider whether it is an economic asset or liability.

The question: How old must a man be before he becomes a non-producer? Placards in the savings banks tell us that 95 percent of men over sixty-five are dependents, i.e., economic losses. This presents the inescapable conclusion that alcohol, in shortening the time this 95 percent may live after the age of sixty-five, is an economic benefit.

Aside from the economic phase of the matter, the question as to whether one may desire to live to the age of threescore years and five with alcohol, or over that age without alcohol, is essentially a matter of taste. Countless individuals prefer a fuller life to a longer life. They have no desire to be "Old Man Minnicks." Finally, they ask of their neighbors the privilege of deciding on this matter without interference.

D. T. POWELL.

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CONCERNING FASCISM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Father Bandini's letter in The Commonweal of December 15, seems to be based upon confusion of thought. In the article from which he makes an insufficient quotation, I was not discussing Fascism as a "form of civil society," much less as a "social system." I was attempting to set forth its underlying theory or doctrine. Included in that doctrine, as I showed from Signor Rocco's address, are the monstrous propositions that the state is an end in itself, that it is justified in using any means to attain its objects, and that it is the source of all individual rights—in other words, that the human person has no natural rights. These are the things about Fascism which, I specifically said, make it contradict Catholic doctrine. I do not think Father Bandini will, after mature deliberation, deny this specific assertion of mine. Nor do I think he will contend that a "good Catholic" can accept those Fascist propositions to which I have above applied the epithet, "monstrous."

Mr. Kerrish's letter (same issue) is based on the assumption that the end justifies the means. By implication he concedes that Mussolini "violated fundamental human rights"; yet he says that the United States may some day need "a like discipline." Should that day arrive in Mr. Kerrish's lifetime, would he, as a "business man" perhaps, give a particular welcome to that "discipline" by which workingmen are denied the right to form genuine labor unions? To destroy the American Federation of Labor would possibly be an efficient short-cut to certain "results." As for the assertion that Mussolini has not violated human rights "to the extent that certain communistic legislation does in this country"—well, it may be left to perish by spontaneous internal combustion. It is a good example of what the late W. S. Lilly was fond of calling "wild and whirring words."

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

Worcester, Mass.

TO the Editor:—May I tell you of two things which happened to me recently? The first one was seeing a "greeting card" in a reputable shop's Christmas collection, in the shape of a donkey with jointed legs and a holly wreath about his middle, with the caption: "Here's a Merry Muletide with a kick in it." Was there not once, in the ages of faith, a caricature in which figured an ass's head, which has been the occasion of many prayers of reparation?

I used the word reputable above, because I honestly believe that the firm who ordered and displayed the card did not realize the atrociousness of it—did not think what it might convey to a chance passer-by. And the reason I believe this is involved in the second thing which happened. A lady near me was looking over some Italian cards with colored reproductions of famous Madonna pictures, and said to the attendant: "I don't think you ought to have these cards displayed; those are holy pictures and it is in very poor taste to have them on greeting cards."

God save us all! The answer to this riddle is that people are forgetting what Christmas is about. It is being commercialized by non-Catholic and anti-Catholic producers whose only interest in it is to take advantage of our pocketbooks. As Hilaire Belloc said in a recent article, "Already the little monuments of Christian Christmas . . . are half forgotten, and the doctrine itself upon which such things were based is dissipated and gone; and without anybody noticing it."

We are now passing through the Christmas season of 1926. We have a year before the arrival of Christmas, 1927. Can't we begin to notice it now? In that time, cannot something be done to protect the most central and holy fact of our religion from this public desecration, to remind people that it is still a holy day? Whether we can do something practical to improve the quality of Christmas cards or not, can we not at least make a loud protest, and a concerted act of reparation?

MARTHA GENUNG STEARNS.

CONDITIONS IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

Tarrytown, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal of December 8, the secretary of the Czecho-Slovakian legation at Washington objected to some inaccuracies which, he alleges, appeared in your editorial comments on November 24, and makes a generous offer of his services in furnishing you with "authentic" material regarding conditions in Czecho-Slovakia.

I feel it is unnecessary to warn you not to accept the offer. The secretary of the legation, I believe, would be one of the last persons in the world capable of giving an unbiased opinion on the political and religious conditions in Czecho-Slovakia, which is at present in the hands of an administration inimical to Catholicism and opposed to the just aspirations of the Slovaks, 80 percent of whom are Catholics. His opinions would probably be as reliable and accurate as those of Consul-General Elias on the Mexican situation. I am certain that his explanation of the reason why diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Prague, for example, have not yet been resumed, would not correspond with the former Nuncio Marmaggi's. Or perhaps his explanation of the government's favorable attitude toward schismatic bishops and national churches would be far different from that of the Church.

Even if he were capable of giving unbiased opinions on this question, still he could not be trusted for his accuracy, judging from a sample of information he gives regarding the entrance of the Slovak Popular party into the government. I challenge him to name the two ministers and the posts he alleges they accepted. It is true that pourparlers took place and two insignificant ministries were used as a bait, but no unwitting applicants could be found. And undoubtedly more tempting offers will now be made. Eight years ago, Masaryk and his clique made certain promises to the Slovaks, in writing, and the Popular party which represents the great majority of Slovaks will not be satisfied until these promises are fulfilled.

REV. A. A. NOVAJOVSKY.

A CORRECTION

Toronto, Canada.

TO the Editor:—In my review of Our Mobile Earth, by R. A. Daly; and Ice Ages Recent and Ancient, by A. P. Coleman, published in The Commonweal of November 24, the sentence appears: "The last, or pleistocene [age] which came to an end about twenty thousand years ago on this continent, covered with ice about four thousand square miles of North America." The sentence should have read as follows: . . . "covered with ice about four million square miles of North America."

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

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POEMS

Marie Bashkirtseff

A pulse fantastic, careless, absent-minded,
A flurry of expense and then Mont Dore:
The cup is full—linoleum on the floor.
If the mountains could, a moment, be reminded
They are volcanic and make a new Pompeii—
Meanwhile post-cards, meanwhile the daily walk,
The papers, the shops of souvenirs, the talk
Of diets—and the same thing every day.

Yet what would make it worse would be the thought
Of someone absent: so, with the Princess Lise
She talked of islands in the northern seas,
Fjords and the late clear winter light—they caught
For a moment the silence where nothing stirs
Save a contemplative wind in the taller firs.

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING.

Gods

The years I spent in struggle with dead gods,
When there were living gods to fight, are waste;
And wearily beset with phantoms, plods
My youth and in his mouth the mouldy taste
Of mangled ghosts. Unprofitable war
That found no spoils at all to fetch away.
To sharpen steel for shadows was the poor
And pitiable labor of that day.

But somehow battles with the dead have been
Not always vague in value and this shape,
Confronted now with armies sovereign
In power, is inconsiderate of escape,
But, with the steel for shadows sharpened, rises
And runs to meet the living gods' devices.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

Plunder

When you are in your grave forgotten,
  Then ladies, not yet born, may wear
Your cloak of silver, and your jewels
  Around their throats and in their hair.

As I, with sacrilegious fingers,
  Can loot the coffers of the dead,
And steal a rose that bloomed in Eden
  To glow again upon your head—

So other lovers will not scruple
  To search your coffers through and through,
And steal my songs for other ladies—
  And hardly give a thought to you.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

A Religious House

Staid up with blossoms in the dawn you stand
As one with rich myrrh dripping from her fingers,
In grey wet fields, white orchards at either hand,
And wood doves calling where the spring rain lingers,
Bearing here in these country roads apart
The Heart of wounded Love within your heart.

And I have known in fall your garden ways,
Yellow leaves trembling to earth, while grave bees
Bore their late honies home, and on those days
Wild dreams came on me 'neath your orchard trees,
Knowing One lives in you, who His saints have said,
Bears wounds more red than is the apple red.

SPEER STRAHAN.

Miracle

How does so frail a music as your voice
Persist across the thunder of the years,
Shatter the sullen walls of apathy,
And laugh above old threnodies of tears?

For silver-sweet and haunting as a sigh
Its melody along my life is blown,
Still ravishing, insistent, hungered for:
The loveliest sound my ears have ever known.

MARIE BLAKE.

Sundown

I thought you loved me;
For a while
I could walk gaily,
Many a mile.

But now I fear
It is not so;
Out to the gate
Seems far to go.

MAY LEWIS.

Protest

He was far too young to die—
  Oh, the wailing and the weeping!
And yet I heard his pale lips sigh,
  "Your agony but breaks my sleeping."

EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER.

Renunciation

I've uprooted beauty
And left an ugly scar.

Come, Time, come and mend it,
Shape it like a star.

E. W. CHANDLER.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

La Locandiera

GLAMOUR still hangs over the doings of the Civic Repertory Theatre down on Fourteenth Street. The performances still have serious shortcomings; Miss Le Gallienne's own work still suffers from the fact that she directs the plays herself; her repertory company is still the abiding place of many actors with more or less faint and varied foreign accents, French, German and Scandinavian, not to mention the gamut of English from British to broad American. Yet—glamour is there, emerging from the gaudily old-fashioned house itself, from the devotion of the acting company, from the delightful musical interludes, and above all from the audience, a group of real theatre lovers, admitted at a price within the reach of all, and given over to enjoyment unhampered by economic regrets. It is good to know that a theatre like that exists, that one can go to it when surfeited with Broadway, and that one will always find there commendable work, swift enthusiasm and plays for the most part with tested value.

Seekers after ultimate perfection will probably find many defects in the production of Goldoni's comedy, La Locandiera (The Mistress of the Inn). It is one of those old plays in which everyone indulges in asides, takes the audience into his or her confidence and has unlimited freedom for the milder sorts of horse-play. It might be given a most highly stylized production, in which the charm would spring from the conscious unreality of the atmosphere created. Miss Le Gallienne has not elected to give it such a production. But why should she? Must we always follow the pattern of the Provincetowners' fashion and spoof an old-fashioned play from the alleged superiority of today? Surely it is quite as permissible to let the audience put itself back many years and to give the play quite as simply as when it came fresh from a quill pen. Miss Le Gallienne has followed this method and it gives one a highly diverting, not to say, relaxing evening of theatre. For which a vote of thanks!

The present translation and adaptation are by Helen Lohmann, the English lines being quite adequate if not marked by the fine edge of distinction. The story is fragile enough to suit the mood of care-free comedy with a filip of satire. A marquis, a count, and a cavalier are guests in Mirandolina's inn. The first is impoverished, the second rich and susceptible, the third a confirmed woman-hater. Mirandolina conquers the cavalier for the express purpose of humiliating him and in the end defies all logic, except feminine logic, by marrying her faithful servant, Fabrizio. Variety is added by the appearance of two actresses who try, most unsuccessfully, to impersonate great ladies. Throughout all this trivial and diverting action, it is Mirandolina who emerges as the silver binding thread.

It is quite delightful to see Miss Le Gallienne in comedy, shorn of the over-heavy responsibility with which she faces tragedy. Her work has sparkle and a great deal of refreshing spontaneity. Sayre Crawley as the penniless marquis, and Paul Leyssac as the count play well into her mood, and even Egon Brecher enlivens himself enough to take part in the fun. But Mr. Brecher's strong accent and a certain innate heaviness impede his work. It is well worth a visit to the theatre to catch the delightful mood of La Locandiera.

Howdy King

"ANNE NICHOLS presents"—a formidable challenge to the high-brows and the specialists and to all those who refuse to judge a play on its own merits and within its own kind. For there are theatre-goers and critics aplenty who refuse to accept a play in its own terms and insist upon comparing it to plays of totally different character and intention—a method not unlike the vegetarian's who pronounces all beefsteak dinners unworthy. Howdy King, written by Mark Swan and presented by Anne Nichols, is certainly not a play for the high-brows, who are, let us suppose, the vegetarians of the theatre world. But it is decidedly a play for those who enjoy a good satirical comedy in its place, just as they enjoy a good movie, a good opera or a fine tragedy, each in its place.

It is, in fact, a mild and amusing mixture of the Connecticut Yankee and Graustark, transposed, with a timely sense of publicity, to a place called Eldorado and to settings reminiscent of the country of a certain queen who recently honored America with her presence, her writings and her tourist complications. Eldorado is in need of a king, the recent incumbent having died while on "foreign duty." The last living descendant of the line, it appears, is a certain American cowboy named John North. Somewhat to his amazement, he is requisitioned for the job, and the complications which ensue are not unlike those which might follow the importation of Will Rogers into a Balkan kingdom as its ruler. Miss Nichols calls the play a romantic comedy, which is just a trifle dignified for such patently comic-opera material. But it all comes off with a sure touch and some excellent satire and makes for a thoroughly enjoyable two hours and a half.

Perhaps the best feature of Howdy King is its introduction of Minor Watson as the irrepressible Johnny North. His engaging smile and poetic crudity, while distinctly colored by the Will Rogers tradition, promise considerable future usefulness in character rôles. He also recalls the earlier "legitimate" days of Douglas Fairbanks. Not much can be said of the rest of the cast beyond the fact that they do the work assigned to them with gusto and sufficient ability. None of the parts is of a character to strain acting talent.

The Dybbuk

THE high spot of last season was the Neighborhood production of Ansky's Dybbuk—a play of mystical illusion set among a sect of Jews known as the Chassids. Its revival this year as part of the regular Neighborhood repertory will be doubly welcome to those who failed to see it last year and to undergo the rather thrilling experience which its sincere and poignant production contributed.

Unfortunately, the new production is not identical with that of last year. The most important change is the substitution of Betty Linley in the part of Leah, created last year by Mary Ellis. This part is, in certain respects, a real tour de force for an actress, making unusual vocal and histrionic demands. Before she becomes possessed by the Dybbuk, Leah must be played in a vein of exalted innocence, at once ethereal and passionate, a figure half of this world and half of another. Later, when

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the Dybbuk has entered into her and speaks through her lips, one must have the peculiar sense of hearing a man's voice come through the mouth of a woman. Miss Ellis encompassed this illusion with amazing success. Before one's eyes, she literally became two persons mystically blended in one body. In her final death scene, when, after the exorcism of the Dybbuk, her soul is veritably drawn from her body to join that of her lover, Miss Ellis made one see the struggle of spirit to free itself from matter, a heart-rending and yet triumphant moment. Miss Linley makes a brave effort, but falls far short of the power which Miss Ellis contributed to these scenes. Miss Linley's voice in the earlier scenes is not so much ethereal as doll-like. She chants her lines on a high key. Later, when the Dybbuk speaks from within, there is a change in the register, but not in the personality of her voice. She does not create the illusion of duality. I do not mean that her performance is a bad one. By no means. But having stepped into the place of an actress whose Leah was one of the finest renderings of an entire season, Miss Linley must face the cruel test of frank comparisons.

In another respect, too, this year's performance suffers. The wild dance of the beggars in the second act, which was one of the most menacing scenes ever staged, has lost something of its former magic. But the play is still great. It is still one of the most moving spectacles ever attempted on the American stage, and also a study in the deepest problems of mysticism as seen through the confused veil of an emotional people.

The Trumpet Shall Sound

THE American Laboratory Theatre, under the direction of Richard Boleslawsky, has presented as the third bill of its repertory season an allegorical play by Thornton L. Wilder along the not unfamiliar lines of the Servant in the House, and the Passing of the Third Floor Back. It is a play that builds up exceedingly well for two acts and then falls to pieces in the third, due to the fact, apparently, that the author, having created a situation, does not know exactly how to solve it, or else fails to make his solution clear in dramatic terms. The acting is unusually good throughout, under expert direction. Walter Duggan, Helen Coburn, and Anne Schmidt are the particular bright lights of the performance.

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BOOKS

Philosophy of the Recent Past, by Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THIS is not a book for which one can prophesy the lively and wide-spread response now being given The Story of Philosophy. And this is unfortunate. For, while Professor Durant paints more vivid pictures, fills in more personal details, and makes more "wisecracks," it is fair to say that Professor Perry tells more of the essential truth. Whereas the other book furnishes the reader an insight (and often a very good one) into personalities and isolated flashes of thought, this book is more likely to convey to him a sense of what philosophy is actually about, and where it is headed. At least it will do this as regards philosophy in Europe and America in the last sixty or seventy-five years; for that is the scope of this book.

Professor Perry proceeds to unravel recent philosophy into three or four chief threads. He distinguishes materialism and positivism, spiritualism and idealism, and what he calls the revival of realism. Indeed, he distinguishes another category, comprising the doctrines of Nietzsche, Bergson and James—voluntarism, vitalism, and pragmatism. For my part, I should seriously question whether this fourth trend of thought is a bona fide species of philosophy, or a more or less crafty attempt to show the impossibility of any philosophy at all.

In scrutinizing these strands of recent thought the author displays what is, for an American writer at least, a truly astounding erudition as to what is going on in Germany, France, Italy and England, as well as America. And he moves about among his materials with a sure gait, and what seems, to the reviewer at least, like sound judgment. There is a firm critical viewpoint behind the book; but this shows itself in the arrangement of the whole and in emphasis, and not so much in opinions or comments, overtly expressed.

Regarding naturalism in general, Professor Perry says: "In any given epoch of human thought, philosophical naturalism will reflect those scientific generalizations which have altered the common beliefs of men, whether through redrafting the cosmic picture or through reconstituting the fundamental habits of mind. . . . What the new naturalism is to be, it would be folly to predict. . . . Already the latest scientific revolution seems to have had two effects upon popular and philosophical thought: a new sense of cosmic immensity and complexity, and an obsolescence of Cartesian dualism." And under the broad heading of naturalism the author works in a brief discussion of the views of Darwin, Spencer, Comte, Mach, Poincaré, and Durkheim—which already are, as might be suspected, in large measure passé.

One is sometimes led to suppose that idealism flourishes in Germany, and only there. But the author gives an account of the philosophy of Victor Cousin, Ravaisson, Renouvier and Lachelier, to say nothing of that of Croce and Gentile, which strongly reminds one that idealism is no respecter of international frontiers. It consists, in the strict sense, in "the view that to be and to be known are one and the same; or that the act by which anything comes into mind is the same as the act by which it comes into being." This doctrine, absurd as it may sound to unphilosophical ears, has great power in it, though perhaps less today than it had twenty-five or thirty years ago.

Coming to realism, this, in technical circles at least, is the

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brand of thought that is making the most pronounced headway at present. It arises as a protest against, and as a denial of, the foregoing idealism, without relapsing into a mere materialism. And to the general realism of recent times belongs the revival of scholastic, and especially of Thomistic, thought. The activity directed to this end is going on with considerable success in Belgium, France, Italy, Germany, and England. Unfortunately, it is not, to any appreciable extent, going on in America.

Professor Perry says: "The great scholastic systems which dominated the thought of Catholic Europe in the thirteenth century rapidly declined in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and thereafter for 300 years were represented only intermittently by men of eminence such as Suarez (1548-1617) and Bossuet (1627-1704). . . . The encyclical Aeterni Patris, issued by Pope Leo XIII in 1879, contained the words: 'We earnestly exhort you all, venerable brethren, for the defense and adornment of the Catholic faith, for the good of society, for the advancement of all sciences, to restore the golden wisdom of Saint Thomas and propagate it far and wide to the best of your power.' . . . But . . . the encyclical expressly emphasized the wisdom of Saint Thomas, to the exclusion of 'any excessive subtlety of inquiry, any inconsiderate teaching, anything less consistent with the ascertained conclusions of a later generation; in a word, anything in any way improbable.' "

So in recent times, neo-Thomism has come to mean, "first, a purification of Thomist doctrines; second, such amendment of them as might be required by the advances of science; and, third, their reformulation in terms calculated to convince a modern mind."

But there are other realistic tendencies, more or less similar to the above. And here a curious fact comes to the surface. Bertrand Russell, the brilliant English realist, is closely akin to, if not actually derivative from, the Austrian realist Meinong and the German realist Husserl. And the latter studied at the University of Vienna, and were strongly influenced there by Franz Brentano. At bottom they derived from him. And Brentano, as Professor Perry points out, derived largely from the scholastics, and from Aristotle.

Thus, along several routes, we are headed back to where we started from, some twenty-three centuries ago. And this, it is fair to say, is the most hopeful sign in recent philosophy.

D. W. Fisher.

Jesting Pilate: An Intellectual Holiday, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

"THE most pernicious class of bookmakers are your travelers—they waste more of their own time, and of their readers, than any other set of idlers in society."

Thus wrote an irritated contributor (perhaps it was James or John Stuart Mill, or the ponderous Jeremy Bentham himself) in the austere pages of the Westminster Review, almost exactly one hundred years ago. The occasion for this acrimony was the appearance of Charles Tennant's Tour through the Netherlands, a futile, meandering book, now totally forgotten. But the general denunciation and contemptuous dismissal of the typical travel-book might well be applied, with unimpaired pertinence, to the scores of such volumes which somehow get printed, and glut our bookstores and railway bookstands and steamer baskets, today.

Happily, exceptions to this general rule occasionally appear, and should be welcomed accordingly. Sometimes the clash of an individualized temperament with an entirely fresh set of surroundings results in a really stimulating cerebro-chemical reaction. Such a phenomenon was Alexander Kinglake's Eöthen, an arrogant and witty chronicle of wanderings in Serbia, Turkey Palestine and Egypt, which appeared in 1844 and still retains its savor. More recently, Count Keyserling, in his Travel Diary of a Philosopher, has presented us with the drama of an incorrigible, blasé idealist, absorbing one foreign culture after another, and emerging as a still more ardent, and now a pugnacious, idealist, the leader of a new school of mystical wisdom.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, a grandson of the late-Victorian champion of biological science, having made his reputation as an analytical novelist of considerable powers, has lately followed in Keyserling's wake around the world; and his book, thinner in both bulk and essential content, is nevertheless a distinctly valuable record of the changes which strange contacts can effect on a supposedly hard intellectual surface. Taking for his motto the opening of Bacon's Essay of Truth: " 'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer," he made valiant efforts to remain aloof, keen, merciless, swift and impatient. And while these qualities are superficially evident throughout his narrative, his general conclusions, expressed in his final pages, are of a different order.

"When one is traveling," he writes, "convictions are mislaid as easily as spectacles; but unlike spectacles, they are not easily replaced. My own losses were numerous. But in compensation for what I lost, I acquired two important convictions: that it takes all sorts to make a world and that the established spiritual values are fundamentally correct and should be maintained. I call these opinions 'new,' though both are at least as old as civilization and though I was fully convinced of their truth before I started. But truths the most ancient, the most habitually believed, may be endowed for us as the result of new experience with an appearance of apocalyptic novelty. There is all the difference in the world between believing academically, with the intellect, and believing personally, intimately, with the whole self."

Here is truly an essential conversion of the jesting Pilate who displayed such uncompromising, disdainful, fundamental scepticism in his mordant Antic Hay. Mr. Huxley, it appears, is a very healthy young man, after all.

The surface-qualities of the book are a joy to the reader, as might have been expected. The word-pictures flash out a rapid, scintillating series of sharp, colored images. Huxley knows how to describe with verbs and nouns; his is the virtue of a concrete, masculine style. Each of his images, moreover, serves to induce and to illuminate a more universal observation—and many of these scattered observations are worth remembering.

In Batavia, for instance, the author sits through the twenty-six dishes of the incredibly gorging "rice table," and then proceeds to plead for a resurrection of the mediaeval notion of the cardinal sinfulness of gluttony—a scathing sermon. At Weltevreden, he witnesses a showing of American motion-pictures in a native amusement park, and descants on such cinema-revelations of the white man's world: "a world of crooks and half-wits, morons and sharpers. A crude, immature, childish world. A world without subtlety, without the smallest intellectual interests, innocent of art, letters, philosophy, science. . . . A world, in brief, from which all that gives the modern West its power, its political and, I like patri-

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otically to think, its spiritual superiority to the East, . . . has been left out. To the subject races of the East and South, Hollywood proclaims us as a people of criminals, and mentally defective. . . . White men complain that the attitude of the members of the colored races is not so respectful as it was. Can one be astonished?"

The chapter on America is delightful—and disappointing. Huxley was entertained altogether too much; he was whisked through from coast to coast, and given no time to catch his breath or his wits. Consequently, his impressions reflect only the perturbation induced by the distasteful glitter of our big hotels, theatres, conventions, revival-temples, dinners, taxicabs, manifestations of "movements" of all kinds. He sadly missed the steady ground-bass of the essential American spirit which, whatever may be its ultimate value, does underlie all those frothy and relatively insignificant ornamental arabesques.

But he describes what he did see with devastating brilliance, especially in his Los Angeles Rhapsody, an expressionistic prose-poem on the confused exhilaration of the Joy City.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

A Victorian American: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, by Herbert S. Gorman. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00.

Amy Lowell: A Critical Study, by Clement Wood. New York: Harold Vinal. $2.50.

A FORTUNATE man is he who can pick his own biographer and portrait-painter. Alas for Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Amy Lowell, that they should fall upon a time when in the full blast of biographical measles the most unlikely and unsympathetic writers can push themselves into the Freudian arenas and even without the usual surgical gloves will lustily proceed to carve and dissect the remains of the great, the near-great or the notorious for the critical plaudits of their friends.

Herbert S. Gorman, not any of whose previous work would seem to herald the biographer of so scholarly, cultivated and noble a figure of our earlier American letters as Longfellow, promises in his impressive preface to give the poet an impartial treatment; this could only be difficult in face of a certain depreciation of the poet's merits, and with a lack of allowance for the limitations in time and place of his formative years. To question the high quality of Longfellow's poetry has become a very easy attitude for youth that will not stop to consider the pretty mess into which American literature is wallowing today: a juvenility of judgment that does not stop to measure the provincialism, the lack of national traditions, the educational poverties of our colonial New England at their proper standard. Longfellow was surely a superb figure in his time, a worthy ancestor, a remarkable literary scholar, a broad-minded man in an intolerant milieu. His diaries reveal his constant growth in character and true scholarship: his regrets over the minor misapprehensions, and provincialisms, of his more youthful works, and his desire to amend in every way any expression that might overmuch shade the light of greater truths. His personal character was certainly admirable. He is the father of American literature.

Mr. Gorman touches on this point: "Poe is on serious record as placing Henry [Longfellow] at the head of the American poets of his long generation. This does not bespeak much for Poe's idea of that generation." It was a day of personal acrimony no doubt—apparently unlike our pure today.

"Education in New England," says Mr. Gorman, with a gracious touch that gives the older reader an excruciating pang, "has not as yet reached that state where the psychological factors are taken into consideration." These psychological factors, sometimes indistinguishable from modern prejudices, and social and intellectual limitations, bother Mr. Gorman and color his judgments throughout his whole work. He has done his task with some study and some sympathy. Some New Englanders may regard him as a child among them "takin' notes." There are defects in his statements, such as those on the final page where he speaks of the tragic death of Mrs. Longfellow at Christmas time, whereas the event actually occurred in July, and an erroneous description of Ralph Waldo Emerson and his pathetic speech over the dead poet, which was made, not at Mount Auburn cemetery, but in the library of Craigie House, and should be correctly reported as "I do not recall our friend's name, but he was a beautiful soul."

With Amy Lowell one comes upon another problem of New England. Clement Wood shows us how a plain, well-bred daughter of a family of some intellectual achievement can be handled with a Freudian cleverness and transmogrified into a figure that will set agog the groups on the studio lounges in the back-alleys of literature.

Miss Lowell was a spinster, with well-founded pride in her ancestry, content with her family fortune and surrounded by the bourgeois comforts, as well as the closed—peeping—lattices of New England respectability. Her position was unassailable in society: therefore her household linen was washed with a privacy that can hardly be appreciated below Fourteenth Street, New York. She was human: her body and her mind were active within the seclusion of her decencies and taste. She was plain yet, no doubt, desired the love of her fellows: she felt that her physique would have to be reinforced by a gesture of authority if it were to produce the effect she desired. She had good taste and plenty of opportunity to teach her less-happily placed brethren the story of her findings in new literature. As a poet, there is no doubt that her ability was moderate, but even an ordinary singer, like our ceaseless makers of poor paradoxes, will at times emit something that is worth listening to.

Out of this rather lumbering specimen of New England culture, Clement Wood proceeds to carve a sort of ogress: he analyzes her motives, her utterances and opinions, like the criminal lawyers in a well-known murder case in southern New Jersey; so that we find ourselves confronted by a new gargoyle, very largely the creation of Mr. Wood's own craftsmanship. Miss Lowell had experience enough with authors and critics to know that it was necessary to be cold: her love for her flock of sheep-dogs, joined to a crystallized paganism in her heart, resulted in their euthanasia rather than in the back-yard climax that is the fate of so many discarded pets. Perhaps Miss Lowell was not over-womanly in this act and, perhaps also, her critics on this point are not over-manly or rational in their spasms of horror.

Literature cannot be distinguished from journalism, even on these higher and more self-conscious levels. Any mediocre person can be featured as a Zenobia or a Jezebel: it depends almost entirely upon the biographer. After reading Mr. Wood's diabolically clever work, the reader is bound to arrive at the conclusion that a lady is a lady only as long as the older conventions are respected.

RODERICK GILL.

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The Book of Modern Catholic Verse, compiled by Theodore Maynard. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

I THINK the sensation to be commonly experienced on opening Mr. Maynard's new anthology, The Book of Modern Catholic Verse, will be delightful surprise: as if one came upon unwonted constellations of anemones and violets in familiar meadows. We have been all aware of a Catholic awakening after a long night in English letters; but we could not help thinking also that "Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of Day." We were altogether unprepared for the large number of Catholic writers Mr. Maynard was able to reveal.

It is not ten years since Joyce Kilmer gave us his Catholic anthology, Dreams and Images. We remember wondering at the time how the poet, in the confusion and hardships of a military camp, could have managed to uncover so much Catholic excellence in the field of contemporary verse. His collection represented the work of eighty-six Catholic writers. Mr. Maynard's volume contains 130 names; and this, although he has dropped twenty-four poets that were included in the Kilmer anthology. Thus we have sixty-eight new names in the present collection.

There will always be, of course, something to quarrel with in an anthology. But, if the compiler, as in the present instance, be also a poet, disagreements must be warily entertained and may not be too positive in their expression. Obviously, a poet enjoys in the premises certain undeniable rights and considerable authority. At least, we can be sure of superior intelligence in spite of the accidents of habit and custom. If Mr. Maynard should not give satisfaction in every instance—after all, an impossible thing—he ought to win easy indulgence: his difficulties were great. His volume is of ample and generous dimensions; still, his poets, even the best of them, have barely standing room.

It is not so long ago when Maurice Francis Egan, Thomas Walsh, and Thomas A. Daly were about the only Catholic singers whose notes could be discerned in the general chorus on this side of the water. Their historical importance, not to mention their merit, would seem to call for a less slender representation especially in the case of Egan. And old familiar names, like Eleanor C. Donnelly and Katharine Conway, do not appear at all. Even Father Russell has disappeared. He was such a benignant godfather of poets. And he was always so grateful for a kind word cast to his muse. It must have taken a lot of sternness to pass him over. And why is Olive Custance dropped?

These are some of the reservations I can fancy being made by grateful readers of Mr. Maynard's book. The most serious omission is one that I failed to note until I saw the name of Joel Chandler Harris. I recommend to Mr. Maynard's attention, if he should be called upon to issue a new edition of his anthology, the claims of young Irwin Russell.

I should be inclined to believe that there was a grave deficiency in the knowledge of any student of American literature who had never seen Russell's Christmas Night in the Quarters, and Nebuchadnezzar. Russell became a Catholic while he was a student in the St. Louis University. There is no evidence, so far as I know, of his Catholic religion outside of the registers of his school; but it seems to me he could easily have come within the conditions that were set by Mr. Maynard.

I should be surprised if other notable omissions were to be found in this splendid collection. It may well become a landmark in the development of a Catholic English literature. The main service of a book like this is to create a class-consciousness, a very desirable thing in a literature alien to Catholic traditions and in a language so widely and disparately employed as the English. I think we keep better posted about Catholic writers in England and Ireland than the Catholics in those countries do about ours. Perhaps it is only natural that it should be so. In any case, we do not know enough of one another. Even at home Catholic writers are a loosely strung brotherhood. Our country is so vast that a writer has to have rather exceptional opportunities as well as merit before he can get anything like general Catholic recognition. As for Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, and South Africa, they are almost the dark unfathomed caves of the elegy's ocean of oblivion. Anyone who can make a fairly successful effort to rally this scattered Catholic constituency and give it a glimpse of its collected resources will have done more than weave an idle garland for casual delectation.

JAMES J. DALY.

The Book of Troilus and Criseyde, by Geoffrey Chaucer; edited by Robert Kilburn Root. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $6.00.

TROILUS AND CRISEYDE, the most attractive of Chaucer's narrative poems and in all likelihood one of the finest stories in English verse, has hitherto been available to students only in imperfect texts. Professor Root, having completed an exhaustive study and reconstruction of the best manuscripts, now publishes an edition which is likely to remain definitive. For the first time since the fifteenth century, a reader may feel confident that the poem he reads is virtually the same as the fresh pages which Chaucer himself scanned. Authorities whose right to speak is unquestioned unite in endorsing the book, so that it should be used, at least as reference, in all schools where Troilus and Criseyde is read. Professor Root has earned the gratitude of numberless students and set a standard for American scholarship.

The text is, however, only one of the book's virtues. A succinct and impressively able introduction summarizes all that is known about the poem. Source materials, date of composition and the history of the text are dealt with conservatively, the author's primary object being to evaluate the opinions of other investigators and so to arrive at tenable conclusions. Of particular interest are the remarks concerning Chaucer's reading and his method of revamping materials to conform with his ironic purposes. That Troilus and Criseyde has a moral significance has long since been taken for granted. Professor Root comments upon it by saying: "Chaucer is not so much pointing a moral, as giving us at the end his own verdict as to the permanent values of those aspects of our human life which are for the moment of such passionate importance. For him, and for other of the finer spirits of the middle-ages, this verdict implied no lugubrious doctrine of narrow Puritanism. Rather it made for a serene Catholic temper, which could thoroughly enjoy and understand the world, while still recognizing its "vanity," which could retain its serenity because it did not take either the joys or the sorrows of the world too seriously."

It is a pleasure to note that the old notion of Chaucer as a poet who locked fingers with the reform (a notion toward the destruction of which Louise Imogen Guiney was one of

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the first to contribute a stout thrust) is fast disappearing. He is the wise, the indispensable, reflector of the cultivated mediaeval mind. For this reason, among others, it is to be hoped that Doctor Root's edition of Troilus and Criseyde will be widely used in those schools which have a very special reason for studying the temper of historic Christendom. One need hardly add that the book is designed for readers who, though familiar with Chaucerian phonology, are not themselves specialists in his work. The printing and format are attractive.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Life of the Venerable Phillip Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, by Cecil Kerr. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.75.

Doughty Deeds: Being an Account of the Life of Robert Graham of Gartmore, 1735-1799, Poet and Politician, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. $3.75.

MR. KERR'S life of Phillip Howard is a work which both as a human document and as a picture of a phase of the "spacious times of Great Elizabeth" passed over in silence by most non-Catholic writers, is worthy of deep study by all who would form a just picture of an age the brilliancy of which has dazzled the eyes of generations of historians.

Official English history has had much to say regarding the persecutions of the Protestants under Queen Mary, but it has been too often silent as to the sufferings of Catholics under the enlightened rule of the daughter of Anne Boleyn. Phillip Howard was one of these Catholics. The heir of one of the most illustrious of English families, and probably the richest young nobleman in England, in his early youth he fell away from the Church, though never to the extent of becoming a Protestant, and became one of that group of young courtiers whose attentions so flattered the vanity of a queen whose lack of personal beauty did not in the least lessen her essentially feminine demands. Brought back to the Faith by the trial of Edmund Campion and the prayers of his young wife, the Earl of Arundel's changed mode of life angered the Queen, and denounced as a Catholic he was shortly afterward thrown into the Tower by Elizabeth's express command.

His intolerable treatment there was supplemented by the refinement of cruelty by which the Queen first had him condemned to death and then later reprieved him without ever informing him of the fact, prohibiting the visits of his wife and children, or any consolations of the Church, and keeping him until his death eight years later in daily expectation of execution on the block. The story of the young nobleman's martyrdom, and of the heroic courage of his wife, whom he had neglected during his life of pleasure, and who, when he at last returned to her, was almost immediately torn from him by the vindictiveness of a jealous queen, is simply and beautifully told by Mr. Kerr.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham's life of his ancestor, Robert Graham of Gartmore, is evidently a labor of family affection. Robert Graham has in reality only one claim to fame, the authorship of the well-known lyric, If Doughty Deeds My Ladye Please. Aside from this, he was simply a successful merchant during his stay in the West Indies, and afterward a respected Scottish landed proprietor. Mr. Graham's book is chiefly of interest because of the picture it gives of planter life in Jamaica in the eighteenth century.

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With Him in Mind, by the Very Reverend Monsignor J. L. J. Kirlin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THE recent sudden death of Monsignor Kirlin, diocesan director of the Priests' Eucharistic League in Philadelphia, attaches a certain tragic interest to these meditations which had scarcely taken on the permanence of print when their author passed out into eternity. But quite aside from the personal equation, they could scarcely fail to command the attention of the intelligent Catholic reader, either lay or religious. For in these twelve chapters the articles of the Apostles' Creed—simple, stupendous, inexhaustible symbol of our Christian faith!—are discussed with sincerest devotion, with a wealth of scriptural and historical illustration and a fine knowledge of the human heart.

Some four or five years ago, Monsignor Kirlin conceived the idea that "as the Holy Eucharist is the centre of all spiritual life," so "a serious consideration of our popular devotions in relation to the life of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament" must infallibly enrich Catholic thought and feeling. This idea he expanded admirably in his preceding volumes, One Hour with Him, and Our Tryst with Him.

The present book completes the series by showing how love of our Eucharistic God—whether expressed in the Holy Hour, in meditations for Communion or in private devotion—may both explain and be explained by every other fundamental doctrine of our Creed. It will be treasured as the final message of a zealous and cultured churchman who was also one of the most distinguished spiritual writers in this country.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

Julia Marlowe, Her Life and Art, by Charles Edward Russell. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $5.00.

INEVITABLY will arise the generation "which knew not Marlowe," and not alone in view of that fact, but also for the satisfaction of the generations which have known her, the present study of Julia Marlowe's personality and art is more than welcome. Beginning with 1876, when Julia Marlowe toured as a child-actress in Pinafore, the story of her career is told, not as a mere book of reminiscence, but with specific reference to the plays in which she appeared. These apt, critical studies, which will appeal to the intelligent theatre-goer, are enlivened by colorful glimpses of outstanding figures of the literary and theatrical world, during the late nineteenth and early twentieth century.

What should give Mr. Russell's volume a permanence beyond that accorded a good biography of a gifted actress who has achieved a reputation as one of the comparatively few great interpreters of the Shakespearian drama in the United States, is his valuable and suggestive comment on the Marlowe rôles in connection with the plays in which they occur.

There is her first Juliet, plus Colonel Ingersoll's comment; her Viola; her first Rosalind, given (1889) in a dingy Philadelphia house which staged Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl as an ideal advance on cheap vaudeville; her Imogen, first produced in Peoria, Illinois; and all their successors. There are other playwrights to the interpretation of whose works she lent her rare talent: Browning, Goldsmith, Sheridan, François Coppée, Clyde Fitch, etc. But it is as an interpreter of Shakespeare's women that Julia Marlowe, as she projected them on the consciousness of the generations who joyed in her art, will live in their memory.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

Negro Workaday Songs, by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: The University of North Carolina Press. $3.00.

IN THE Metropolitan Museum there is a statue of Rodin's The Hand of God. Held in that great spiritualized palm is a chaotic, yet withal beautiful, mass of crude material; and out of that world is emerging the harmonious man and woman. The image is strong in my mind after reading this collection, for there is an analogous situation: these workaday songs spring from the life-giving spirit of the race; from their ill-formed metre and abortive mental conception are developing a higher and more perfect music: the spirituals, the formal blues, Gershwin's Rhapsody.

Negro Workaday Songs will be of most value to students of musical origins, of folk-lore, of sociology. Each of the three groups will find interesting material here, for this is the stuff music is made of; this is the southern Negro revealing himself. Here are, among other collections, man's songs of woman and woman's songs of man, bad-man ballads and workaday spirituals, blues and folk-minstrel melodies. The sociologist will find his work greatly facilitated by the lucid explanatory comments of the collectors; the musician will appreciate the phono-photographic pictures of the Negro's singing voice.

But any lover of imagery and chanting melody can find delight in the volume. The uncultured southern Negro working on the chain-gang or in the cotton-field sings with a naïveté which is astonishing and, to the Puritan, occasionally shocking, drawing his images from the physical world of his daily life.

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

The Big Mogul, by Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

ALTHOUGH they do not come to us with quite the freshness and joy of Cap'n Eri, and Mr. Pratt, Lincoln's Cape Cod stories are always warmly welcome. We can turn to them with the certainty of hours of cleanly humor, the tang of the sea-salt, a substratum of strong, old-fashioned manliness, of honest capable womanliness, a touch of young romance and a sprinkling of quaint and amusing characters. They are all present in The Big Mogul. Though it is not a stirring tale of the ocean, with heroic rescues, and plots of wreckers, like Rugged Waters that recently preceded it, yet the Big Mogul himself had once been mate on a sailing vessel before turning to local politics, and becoming the rich man and cock-of-the-walk in his native town. He is left a lonely widower in his big house, and for companionship adopts a long neglected niece. She is rescued from an accident by a young man of the family of his chief political rival—a man with whom the Big Mogul has a long-standing feud.

There we have at once the materials for a romance, and what with horse-racing, and elections and financial upsets, the book is kept going pleasantly, while some of Mr. Lincoln's inimitable, quaint ne'er-do-wells turn up to delight us. Then there is the middle-aged aunt, one of those shrewd, solid, fearless souls that seem to flourish on Cape Cod, and who stands up to the Big Mogul and tells him his faults straight to his face. After all, in spite of his temper and arrogance, he is rather an old dear; and he eats his humble pie meekly and gracefully. It is good reading, and we are the better for the healthy fun of Lincoln's books. A certain nook in our hearts is kept for a gallery of favorite characters from them.

HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The habituées of the library had been told to make their appearance in a body, promptly at six o'clock.

The Editor, an important-looking brief-case under his arm; Britannicus, a yellow pencil behind his ear; Primus Criticus with a bundle of books; and Miss Brynmarian, carrying a set of galley proofs, made their way in a solemn procession to the closed library portals. At the Editor's firm knock, Tittivillus opened the door a grudging inch, and thrust his nose out.

"The password?" he inquired cautiously.

"I've forgotten my card," said Britannicus, absent-mindedly, "but you know me. I always have the table in the left corner."

"Hush," said the Editor, severely. "You're mixing your doors—which is even worse than mixing your drinks."

"It's all very confusing," murmured Britannicus.

"The password?" persisted Tittivillus.

"'I counsel thee, shut not thine eyes in thine agony. See the lamb stew,'" announced Miss Brynmarian, triumphantly.

Tittivillus, satisfied, flung the door wide—and low! a sparkling Christmas tree met their view. Standing beside it was a rotund and jovial Santa Claus.

"Dr. Angelicus—as I live!" cried Miss Brynmarian, running toward him.

"Avaunt," said the dignified and white-bearded figure. "I thought my disguise was perfect."

"Oh, Doctor, you look superb!" exclaimed Miss Brynmarian.

The Doctor twitched a little uncomfortably.

"It's so long since I've worn red flannels," he murmured, "that I had forgotten—however, here I am. How do you like my beard?"

Primus Criticus went forward and stroked it speculatively.

"The moths have been in it," he announced, as bits of snowy fluff detached themselves under his touch.

"Well," said the Editor, "what happens next? I'm a busy man. If there are any presents, let's get at them."

"Just a moment," said Angelicus. "Where are your stockings?"

"Just where they should be," replied Miss Brynmarian, looking down complacently at the new ones, with clocks, that she was wearing.

"But they should all be hung up over there," protested Angelicus, pointing to the mantel-piece. "Unless I fill your stockings at the chimney-side, how can I be a proper Santa Claus?"

"Under the circumstances, how can you do that and be a proper Santa Claus?" queried Britannicus enigmatically.

"Are these the presents?" inquired the Editor, busily rummaging among the piles of packages heaped at the foot of the tree.

"You should wait for Santa Claus to distribute them," admonished Miss Brynmarian.

"Yes," said Angelicus, waving him away. "But as you seem to be in such a hurry, I'll find yours first. Ah—here it is." He impressively handed the Editor an oblong package, marked with his name.

"And please, may I have mine?" demanded Miss Brynmarian.

Angelicus, reaching in the heap, obligingly complied.

The Editor held his to his ear and shook it.

"It's liquid," he announced hopefully.

"Unwrap it," said Primus Criticus interestedly.

The others watched with expectant eyes.

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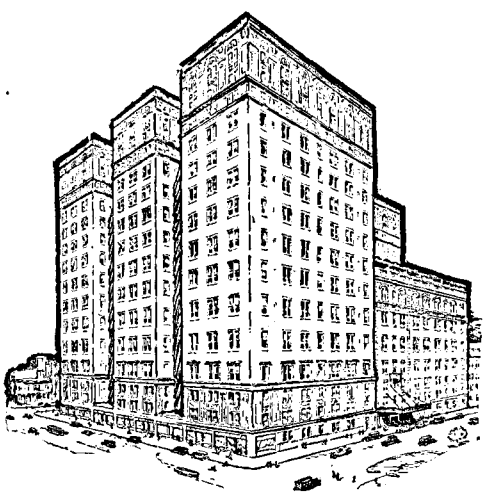

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"Why, what's this?" exclaimed the Editor.

"He's given you a bottle of French perfume!" cried Miss Brynmarian excitedly.

"Wait," said Angelicus edging his way through the circle. "There must be a mistake. Tittivillus, you marked that package wrong. That was intended for Miss Brynmarian."

"I'm relieved," said Miss Brynmarian, pulling the present she had received from behind her back, where she had been hiding it. "For I did not like to believe you had selected these for me, Doctor. In the first place, they're much too large."

She held up a pair of blue woolen socks.

"No, no—those are for the Editor," exclaimed Angelicus in annoyance.

That much straightened out, he went back to the tree.

"Here, Britannicus, is something for you—and Tittivillus this is marked with your name."

"I must say, Doctor," said Britannicus, when he had torn off the cover, "that your jokes are rather lame. I don't see anything particularly funny in presenting me with a dozen assorted lollipops."

"Another mistake in marking," hastily apologized Angelicus. "Tittivillus must have your gift. The lollipops are for him."

Tittivillus eagerly handed Britannicus a handsomely bound copy of Norman Angell's If Britain Is to Live, receiving the lollipops with satisfaction.

"Speaking of jokes," said Britannicus, waxing cheerful once more, "I've thought of a splendid riddle."

"What is it?" asked the others.

"The riddle is," said Britannicus impressively, "instead of motoring, why don't I go to Albany by railroad?"

The others shook their puzzled heads.

"Why don't you go by railroad?" asked Miss Brynmarian.

"Because I don't feel Lackawanna," announced Britannicus triumphantly.

The Editor plucked a popcorn ball from the tree and took careful aim.

"Order!" interposed Angelicus hastily. "Primus Criticus hasn't yet received his present."

The others gathered around him to see what it was.

"Another book," guessed Miss Brynmarian.

"Yes, but what a book," complained Primus Criticus, "what a book for a critic to receive!"

He held up the jacket for them to see, on which they read: The Art of Self-Criticism, Self-Analysis, and Self-Interrogation.

"Doctor," said Tittivillus to Angelicus (Tittivillus has grown very slangy of late) "Doctor, as a Santa Claus, you're a fine tin can!"

"What do you mean, boy?" demanded the Doctor. "Haven't I fulfilled my duty according to all established Santa Clausian precedents? I defy any of you to say I haven't."

"You forget," said Miss Brynmarian, "the end of The Night Before Christmas. You haven't yet completed your work."

"Now just what is the end of that masterpiece?" pondered Angelicus.

"'And laying his finger aside of his nose,
Up the chimney he rose,'"

quoted Miss Brynmarian, pointing to the fireplace.

"Ah, now you're expecting a little too much," replied Angelicus, as he removed his beard.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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